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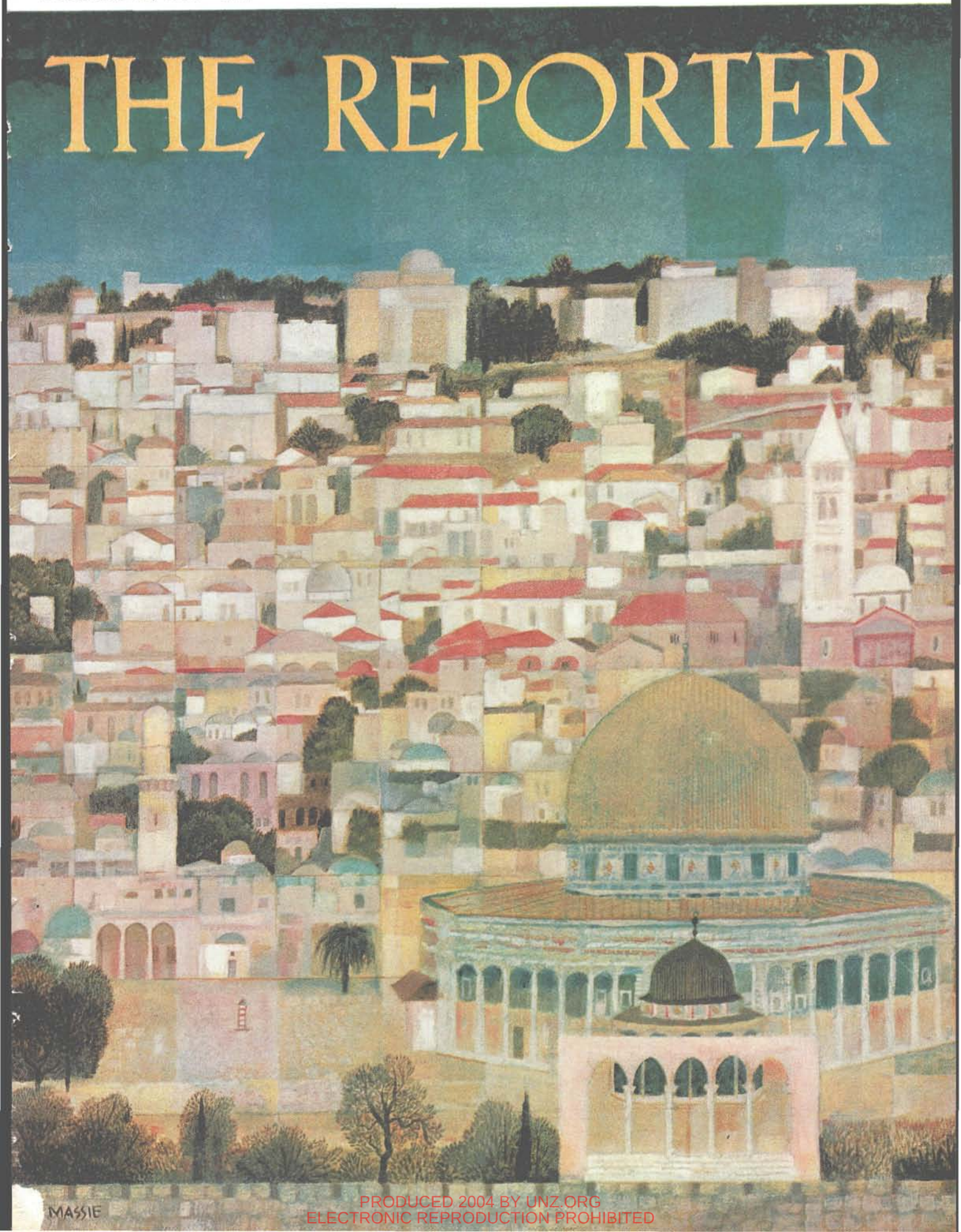

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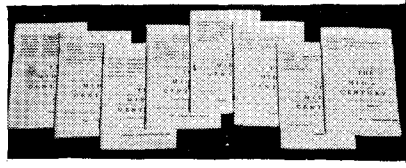

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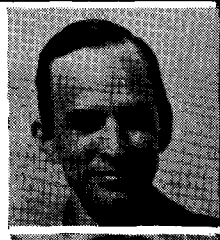

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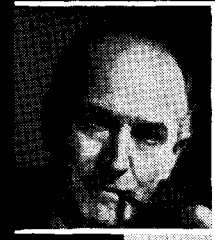

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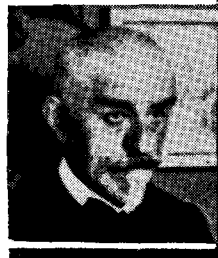

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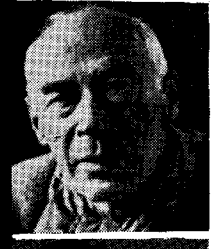

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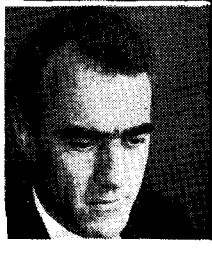

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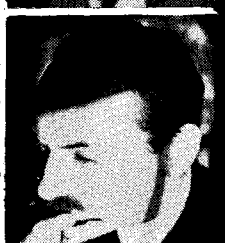

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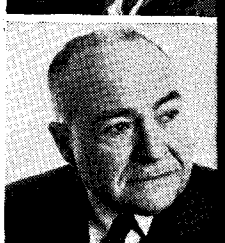

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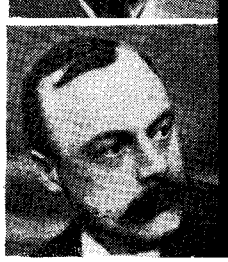

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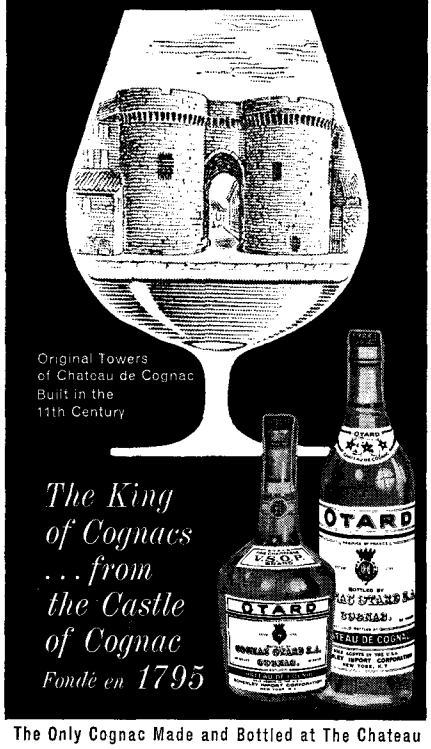

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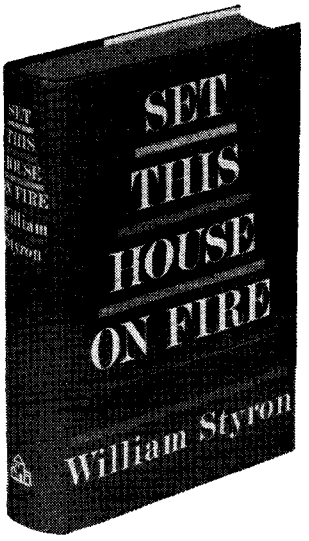

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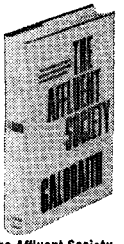

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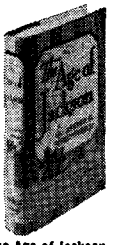

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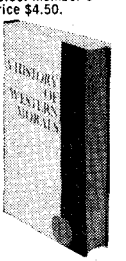

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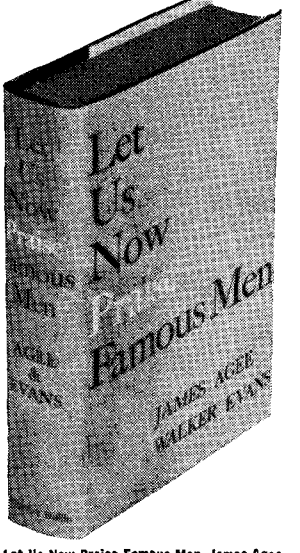

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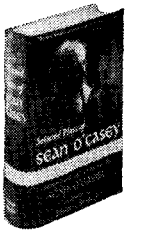

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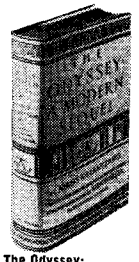

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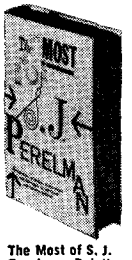

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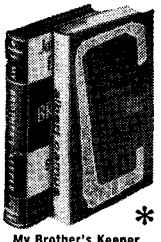

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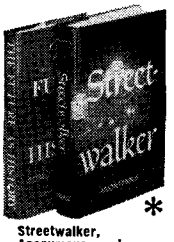

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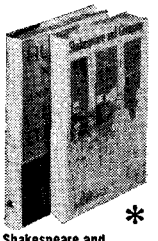

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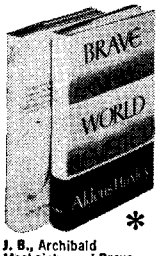

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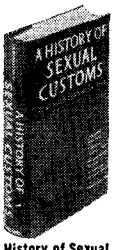

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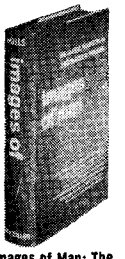

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

RARELY has the result of any recent Presidential election remained in doubt for such a long time. But then, this last campaign has not exactly been one of the most brilliant or exalted—indeed as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, perhaps the long aftermath is proof that the indecisiveness of the voters was accurately reflected in the results. This whole electoral season could be called the lost election—lost like a lost weekend. Fortunately, the man who will be inaugurated on January 20 has the capacity to draw great advantages from his narrow victory.

OUR lead article was written jointly by **Walter Pincus,** Washington correspondent for *News Focus,* and our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater.** It deals with the activity of public-relations organizations in the United States on behalf of foreign governments—an activity that must be reported to the Department of Justice, under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. Mr. Cater and Mr. Pincus waded through a mountainous accumulation of data, and their report, given the vastness of the subject, cannot possibly pretend to be exhaustive. We may publish something further on this matter later, although there is no reason why we should have an "exclusive," because the appropriate documents are readily accessible—as are the P.R. men.

Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** talked in Tunis with Ferhat Abbas, leader of the F.L.N., and with Tunisian President Bourguiba. She happened to arrive at the time when Abbas, just back from Peking, was still suffering from something of a swollen head as a result of the promises Mao Tse-tung had made him. Bourguiba himself was angry at the French—and not without justification, for General de Gaulle had refused to take advantage of his offer of mediation in the Algerian war. Later, both Abbas and Bourguiba cooled down considerably—particularly Bourguiba, whose stature as a statesman is unquestionably far superior to that of Abbas. . . . Thomas E. Whelan, United States ambassador to Nicaragua, considers President Luis Somoza and his brother, General Anastasio, Jr., to be "American-type fine fellows." This is unfortunate in light of the fact that many Nicaraguans argue convincingly that they are extremely bad fellows. **Marvin Alisky,** chairman of the department of mass communications at Arizona State University, spent last summer in Nicaragua as visiting Smith-Mundt professor of journalism. . . . Vice-President Edvard Kardelj of Yugoslavia recently issued a statement on Communism and war that violently attacked the Chinese Communist position and elicited from the Kremlin an embarrassed response. **Zbigniew Brzezinski,** associate professor of government at Columbia, examines Moscow's problems as it tries to both control and appease the divergent interpretations of Communist ideology that are growing within the international Communist movement. Professor Brzezinski is the author of *The Soviet Bloc: Unity and Conflict* (Harvard). . . . **Alastair Buchan,** our British correspondent, discusses the brave battle of a rather hapless man: Labour Party leader Hugh Gaitskell. Mr. Buchan is the author of the recently published *The Spare Chancellor: The Life of Walter Bagehot* (Michigan State University Press).

BORN to missionary parents in India, **Robin White** is the author of *House of Many Rooms* and *Elephant Hill* (Harper). We publish in this issue an excerpt from his forthcoming *Men and Angels* (Harper). . . . **Marya Mannes** reviews some examples of ugly Americanisms presently available on Broadway. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is editor of *Arts*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** comments on a new pressure group in our complex society. . . . **Jean Stafford's** *The Catherine Wheel* and *Children Are Bored on Sunday* were published by Random House. **Frank O'Connor's** *Shakespeare's Progress* has just been published by World. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is co-editor of the *Jazz Review.*

Our Christmas cover, an impression of Jerusalem, is by our art director, **Reg Massie.**

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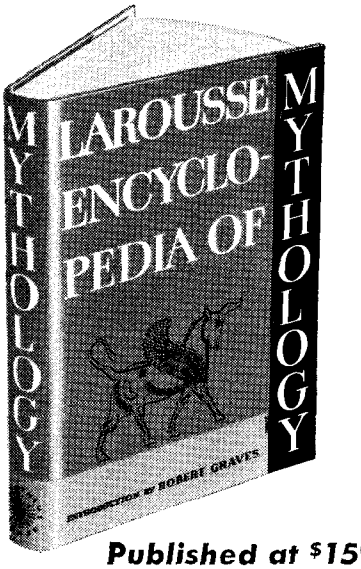

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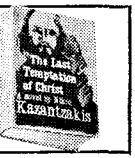

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CORRESPONDENCE

IS IT SEGREGATION?

To the Editor: The Mel Elfin article entitled "Why Pick on New Rochelle?" (*The Reporter,* December 8) goes beneath the propaganda handouts and clarifies the realities. This was rendered all the more difficult because of some of the inaccuracies in clippings available to researchers. For example, I was inaccurately quoted as saying, "Nothing is going to deter us from adhering to the rules." What I actually said was quite different: "Nothing is going to deter us from our goal of striving to improve human relations in New Rochelle."

The measure of the quality of a writer lies in his ability to achieve reader interest while adhering to the facts. My compliments to Mr. Elfin for his craftsmanship.

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER
President, Board of Education
New Rochelle, New York

To the Editor: In "Why Pick on New Rochelle?," Mel Elfin tells us that Mr. Paul Zuber, the Negro lawyer who has brought court action against the local board of education, is "typical of a new generation of Negro leaders impatient with the gradualism of their elders." I presume they should just wait until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane before they act. Perhaps almost a century is not enough for the Negroes to have waited to attain their rights. Maybe they are forced to the histrionic to obtain a hearing.

It is astonishing that New Rochelle, Mr. Elfin's "pleasant tree-shaded suburb," could be linked with the vicious term "segregation," especially when two-thirds of the Negro elementary pupils are in integrated schools. This fact alone seems to make any charge of segregation rank libel, especially when everybody knows that Hartley Houses, an on-paper integrated community housing project just opposite the Lincoln School, provides apartments for most of the children in that school. Thus, one opinion runs: "The Board of Education's hands are tied; only a Negro dominated school can result there, and in addition *de facto* segregation is vastly different from *de jure* segregation. Only the South has segregation problems, the word is misused when applied to New Rochelle." And all this continued to be said after the New York State Board of Regents, the governing body of all educational institutions in New York State, had included this remark in a policy statement (January 28, 1960): "Public education in such a setting [that is, in schools enrolling students largely of homogeneous ethnic origin] is socially unrealistic, blocks the attainment of the goals of democratic education and is wasteful of manpower and talent, whether this situation occurs by law or by fact."

There could have been less strife in the community had the New Rochelle board of education followed more closely the recommendations of two study teams it hired to investigate the Lincoln problem. One of these studies recommended combining the Washington Elementary School with the Lincoln School; they are a mere seven blocks apart. The economic and educational sanity of building a new combined Washington-Lincoln School for eight hundred or nine hundred pupils is unquestionable, and no student would walk too far or encounter hazardous safety conditions. But the board of education rejected that idea; it has not changed the major lines of a school district since 1940 (except for the creation of the all-white Ward School in 1959), although the population of New Rochelle has increased from 58,408 in 1940 to 76,812 in 1960.

"New Rochelle's reputation for liberality has been tarnished by headlines around the country linking the city with 'segregation,'" states Mr. Elfin. Too bad, but the board of education or the superintendent of schools could have avoided it all by other plans for the Lincoln district, or even after the approval of the new Lincoln School by the voters, by employing the legalized machinery it already possesses of granting transfers from one school district to another "when the educational welfare of the child demands it."

Why *not* pick on New Rochelle or any other school board that fails, as the New Rochelle board has failed, to take any positive steps toward attempts at racial equality? Are the majority of New Rochelleans accumulating the stones they have been casting at Arkansas and Louisiana to build a monument to "segregation" in their own "pleasant tree-shaded suburb?"

NOLAN M. FALLAHAY
Member, Board of Education
New Rochelle, New York

To the Editor: I think "Why Pick On New Rochelle?" is the best summary of the situation that I have read anywhere. Mr. Elfin has made a very objective and perceptive analysis.

BARBARA T. MASON
Principal, Roosevelt School
New Rochelle, New York

To the Editor: I found "Why Pick on New Rochelle?" most interesting, well written, and quite accurate. My opinion is that it should be required reading for certain uninformed people amongst whom might be listed certain judges, several newspaper people, and some of our newer New Rochelle residents, who have taken the "outsider looking in" attitude. Mr. Elfin should be commended for his concise, unslanted, and accurate report.

CHARLES G. ROMANIELLO
Member, Board of Education
New Rochelle, New York

OUR UNFINISHED BUSINESS

To the Editor: Dr. Arthur F. Burns's article ("An Economist's View of Our Unfinished Business," *The Reporter,* November 24) is a scholarly dissertation outlining fine principles, and good for all of us to read and think about seriously. But a great deal more than what he proposes will have to be done to protect our country from Communist penetration into this hemisphere. We are doing so well for ourselves in the United States that we have generally become complacent and unwilling to give of our own time and effort what it will take to prevent the present Communist beachhead from spreading all over our friendly neighbors in this hemisphere. Unless something happens to jar us out of our inertia, we will delay our decisions and the required action until those decisions are made by default, as in Cuba, without any alternatives left. It is too bad that men like Mr. Burns do not help our people to this realization.

S. M. MCASHAN, JR.
Houston, Texas

To the Editor: I found Dr. Burns's article to be an excellent analysis of the economic problems which lie ahead in the next decade and probably beyond. His combination of realism and idealism strikes a perfect balance and is a breath of fresh air in an atmosphere that has been supercharged by extreme claims. If we do not solve the problems that Dr. Burns poses, we will, indeed, have forsaken the fruits of a free society and will have missed the calling of "the great message of freedom and opportunity" which he so eloquently describes.

C. H. PERCY
President, Bell & Howell Company
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CORA CRANE AND MR. JAMES

To the Editor: Alfred Kazin appears to have relished the opportunity provided by a review of Lillian Gilkes's *Cora Crane,* in *The Reporter* for November 24, to lash out at Henry James.

Mr. Kazin is evidently unaware that there are readers of Henry James who observe the affectations of the man (and the writer) without rose-colored spectacles but nevertheless see rather more in James than the "effeminate old donkey" of Harold Frederic's outburst.

One of those readers is John Berryman, who tells in his biography of Crane how James wrote to Cora Crane at the time of her husband's final illness, "wishing her courage and hope, and venturing to enclose a cheque for fifty pounds—'I've money, moreover I care . . .'" Berryman adds: "It is in this absolute context of humanity that James's dislike for Cora Crane . . . should be recorded."

E. C. BEER
Kingston, Ontario

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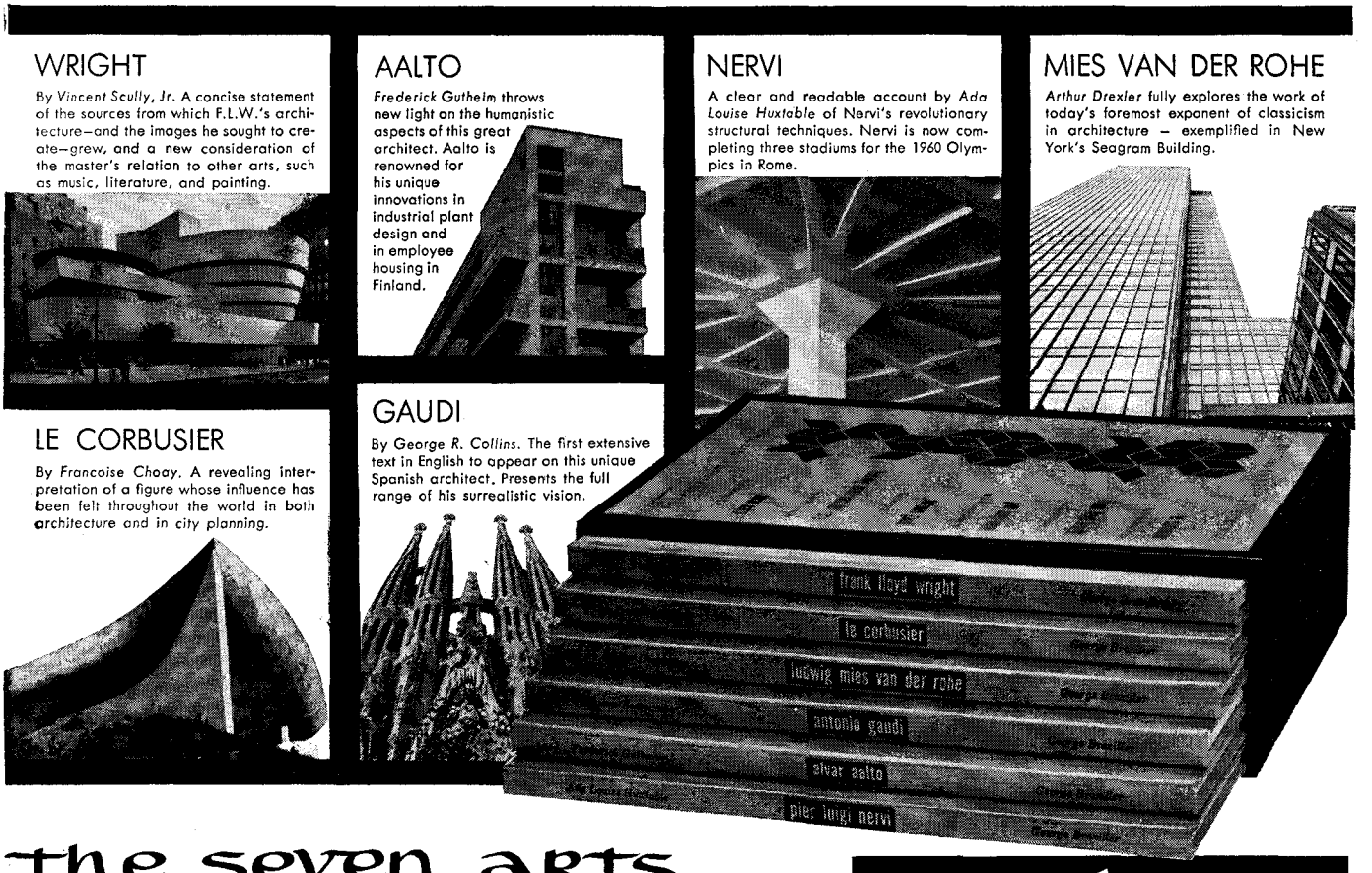
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Their U.N.

The Communist ecumenical assembly has concluded its deliberations and a Manifesto has been issued which expresses, of course, the unanimous opinion of the delegations from eighty-one countries, according to *Pravda*. Of those countries, twelve are under official and formal Communist rule, which means that nearly one billion people are living under a régime they have not chosen. The delegates from those countries have not received a mandate from their people, and the same can be said about their colleagues from the non-ruling Communist Parties. Rather than delegates, we should call them masters, and would-be masters.

The trouble arising from the use of well-established words in unusual contexts and with misleading connotations greatly contributes to making the reading of this latest Communist Manifesto a singularly unenjoyable experience. The same holds true of all Communist Manifestoes but the first, for Marx and Engels were free-wheeling rebels and knew how to write.

Yet we felt that we had to plow through this unreadable document; we couldn't just wait for our own Sovietologists to let us know their presumably divergent opinions. This presumption is justified by the preliminary reactions of the Sovietologists in the daily press. There is considerable disagreement among these learned people, although they all seem to address themselves to the same question: Who won? Mao or Khrushchev? Or, if there was a compromise, who got the upper hand?

With our untrained eye, we looked at the text. It gave us a jolt. What a formidable foreign policy our country has been pursuing! How wicked, according to the document, but how long-range! We, together with Britain and France, "have made a criminal deal with West German imperialism." Our own "imperialists are also busy reviving the hotbed of war in the Far East." They are doing the same in Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East. Everywhere they are striving "to create new seats of war in different parts of the world." And so on and on and on. This sounded to us like Mao, although Khrushchev, in his off-and-onish way, has been quite mad at us lately.

But then there are murderously long sections about the benefits the Communists are going to gain from peaceful coexistence. For them there is no question: that is the road toward ultimate victory. "Peace is a loyal ally of socialism, for time is working for socialism against capitalism."

The drafters of the Manifesto have certainly not been influenced by the discussion on growthmanship during the American election, but they put an enormous reliance on the growth of their own gross national products. Economic growth will allow the Communist countries to outstrip the most advanced capitalist economies. And then they are in. As Communists, they have the escalator conception of history: they are moving upward anyway, but economic growth will allow them to go faster, climbing the upward-moving steps.

As we said before, we are not Sovietologists, but somehow we cannot escape the feeling that this latest message reiterates, in a more truculent tone, a larger number of things we have been hearing from Khrushchev many, oh, too many, times. In protest against our imperialistic wickedness, the rulers and would-be rulers of eighty-one countries have banged their shoes on their desks in perfect unison; yet quite a number of other passages in the document have made us see again Khrushchev's face, the smile like that of the cat who has swallowed the canary, or is about to.

Mao and all the others are hewing to the Moscow line. The reason, we feel, couldn't be simpler: Moscow is by far the strongest. If and when Peking catches up, it will be a different story. In the system of intra-Communist relationships, only power, the most brutal and naked power, counts.

Should a Communist version of the United Nations ever come into existence, the hierarchy among the member countries will be determined only and strictly by their strength and wealth. There could not possibly be any equivalent there to the prestige enjoyed by nations that have enjoyed great power in the

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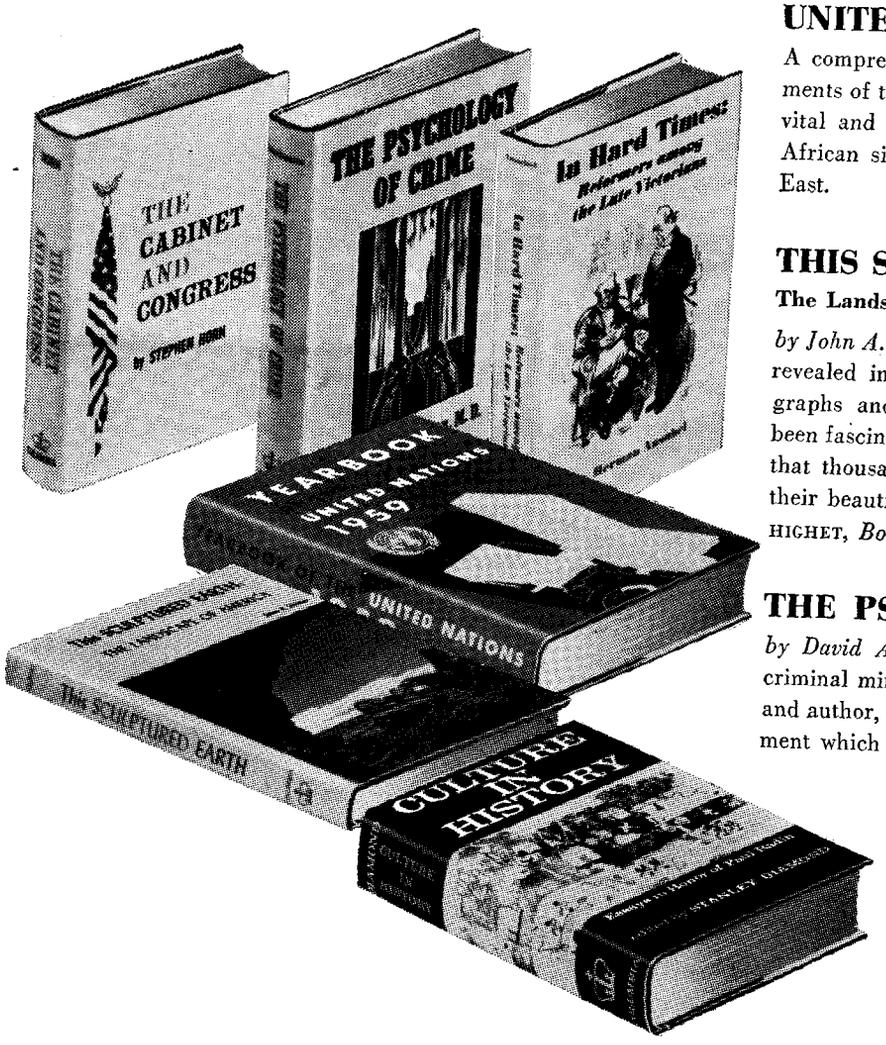

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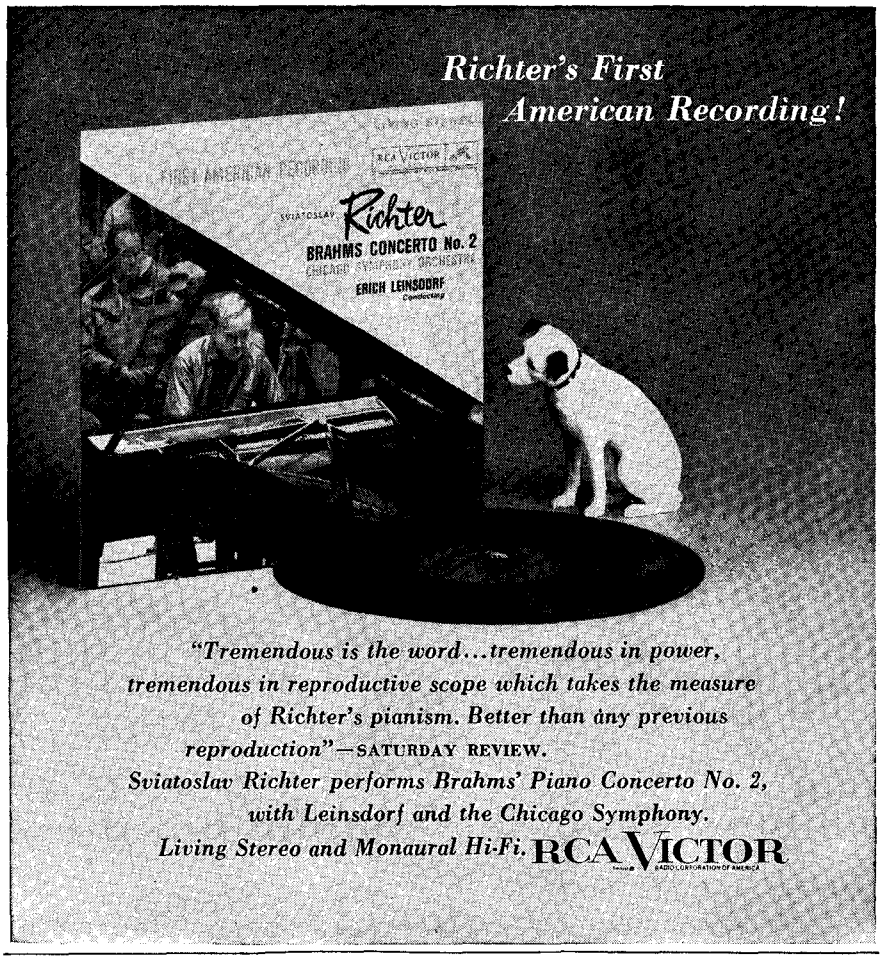

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past, like Britain, or will enjoy it in the future, like Canada. There might be, of course, a range of variety among the various types of socialisms—a hundred, maybe, so that a hundred flowers may bloom.

That Old, Old Stuff

Middle-aged sages who claim to be able to psychoanalyze a whole generation have been telling us for some time that conformity begins in the cradle these days and that the highest goal of American youth is to land a job with a big company that offers ample retirement benefits. Cynically disdainful of politics, so the interpretation runs, this litter of cool kittens will never expose themselves to the risks some of their less sophisticated parents ran in believing that any kind of commitment to social idealism can change the world. That would be a dark picture indeed if it were accurate—which it isn't. On two issues in recent months, for example, college students have demonstrated that the willingness to stand up and act for what they regard as important has not been altogether leached out of American youth. We have commented several times on the disciplined courage displayed by Negro and white students in many of the sit-in demonstrations against segregation and on the support they have received from colleges and universities all over the country.

We also ran a story that touched on the student demonstrations against the House Committee on Un-American Activities that took place in San Francisco last May. In a one-page article called "A Movie with a Message" which appeared in our issue of November 24, Paul Jacobs described the making and distribution of a half-hour film entitled *Operation Abolition.* He reported that agents of the House committee "went to the television stations with subpoenas for all the newsreel film that had been shot during the demonstrations. They then selected the footage they wanted and had prints made of it, telling the stations that the film was needed for 'documentation.'" After the committee staff had edited the film and written a commentary, the final prints were prepared by a commercial film company in Washington, which has been sell-

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS AUSTIN

ing them at a rapid clip for the past few months at $100 each. Mr. Jacobs tried to make two main points: first, that the way the film was prepared and marketed was somewhat unusual, and that the film itself had a number of distortions of what actually took place in San Francisco.

THE FILM has been shown by several private corporations, civic groups, and Federal agencies, as well as on a number of college campuses. On some of these campuses there have been vigorous student protests. The radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., has interpreted these as evidence of a Communist conspiracy to discredit the House committee. He recently devoted almost an entire week of his broadcasts to a defense of the film, which he described as "put together by the House Un-American Activities Committee," although the committee itself had modestly avoided claiming that credit, announcing only that it had been "prepared and composed into a movie short by Washington Video Productions, Inc." So much, as Mr. Lewis might say, for the first of Mr. Jacobs's points.

Mr. Lewis also devoted a good deal of his time to casting aspersions on what he was pleased to call "certain left-wing anti-anti-Communist publications" that have been critical of the film—including the Harvard *Crimson*, the Washington *Post*, and especially *The Reporter*. The factual core of his long and rambling argument was that no less an authority than J. Edgar Hoover has said that Communists did everything they could to stir up the San Francisco demonstrations. But from this Mr. Lewis swept on to the grand implication that all those who criticized the committee, in San Francisco or anywhere else, are Communists or Communist dupes. He never mentioned the fact that one of the two House committee agents who originally procured the films under subpoena has since admitted on a Los Angeles TV program that *Operation Abolition* does contain distortions.

Mr. Lewis also chose not to name the second House committee agent —who is, incidentally, the narrator of the film. He is Fulton Lewis III.

We are not particularly excited by all this. We are neither pleased nor

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displeased by this kind of attack. We don't care. We like to pick a fight when we think we must. But not with Mr. Lewis.

A Place for Regularity

For one who so often chooses to remain resoundingly silent—notably during Presidential campaigns—Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia has become surprisingly loquacious. He is so secure in his seniority that he seldom pays attention when it is challenged, but he recently released a three-and-a-half-page letter to Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania. Clark had suggested a purge of Democratic committee chairmen who did not support the party's national ticket or the party platform.

Byrd's reply so infuriates the liberals and is so greatly admired by conservatives that no one is asking a pertinent question: Why did Byrd, who knows there is no possibility of a successful purge, bother to reply? Part of the answer lies in Virginia. Virginians were counting on Byrd to show them the way around integration, but after announcing the doctrine of massive resistance, he had no other magic to offer when it collapsed. A markup on whiskey and wine sold in state stores was supposed to raise $23 million for badly needed state services, but Virginians began to buy more of their liquor from local bootleggers and in neighboring states and the District of Columbia. Perhaps most important, the Byrd organization was bitterly split during the campaign. The reply to Clark was primarily a reminder that whatever goes wrong at home, Byrd is still manning the bastions against station-wagon liberals of the North.

But Byrd's letter may also have certain uses in the Senate. Senator Clark was aware from the beginning that Byrd would not be unseated. His primary aim was to try to relax the tight control of Senate chairmen on bills that will languish in committee unless something is done to shake them loose. To that end, he has focused debate on a fundamental issue Senator Byrd ignores: a committee chairmanship, although it is assigned by custom to a senior senator of the majority, is a *party* position, one awarded by the party that organizes the Senate.

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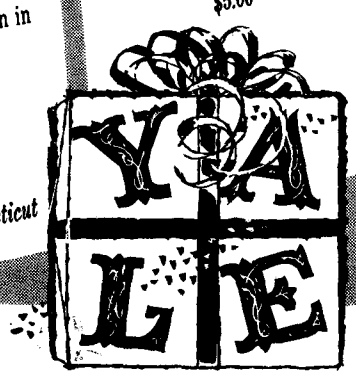

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Prelude to '64

THE LONG election night is about over—or so it seems. From the early morning hours of November 9, when Vice-President Nixon decided to go to bed after provisionally conceding his own defeat in case further returns proved Senator Kennedy's victory, and then Kennedy decided that for him too it was time to go to bed—from that tired, sleepy hour, for weeks and weeks, there has been a tentative quality about the results of the election.

California went to Nixon, and Kennedy's plurality kept dwindling. At the latest count, it stood at 132,584. From the Republican side, threatening rumbles have kept coming about shocking irregularities in Cook County, Illinois (a place where the casting and the counting of ballots have traditionally been short of exemplary), and then in Texas, in Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey, and a few more states. Has the election been "stolen" from Nixon? Senator Morton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, did not want to go that far, though he repeatedly told the press of his decision to have all those questionable returns investigated. But not much has come to light. The Republican leaders seem to cherish the notion that Kennedy has been elected by default, and modestly suggest themselves as the patriotic defaulters.

The long phase of uncertainty that preceded the election and made the pollsters miserable has been followed by a new season of prolonged uncertainty. The basic law of the land fortunately compensates for the irresolution of the popular will. No matter how slim his plurality, Kennedy has a majority of the Electoral College, and does not owe his election to Republican self-denial.

Yet the closeness of the returns is a worrisome fact; it is both the consequence and the ultimate evidence of a widespread listlessness among our people. During the campaign there was a restless indecisiveness, frequently expressed by the trite saying that there was no great difference between the two candidates, and not much of a choice. In our opinion this was utterly untrue, yet the indifferent and confused attitude of so many citizens greatly contributed to a practically evenly divided vote. It has been said so many times and by so many that there was not so much to choose and it is not surprising if, at the end, the electorate came terribly close to making no choice.

IT HAS HAPPENED before in our national history that Presidents have been elected by a minority of the voters, or in extraordinarily close contests. Indeed, some of these Presidents have been among the greatest we ever had, including Woodrow Wilson. But in this last election there was no clash of popular passion or strongly held opinion between two almost equal masses of voters. This time, whatever stirring there was took place in the political underground, as was the case of the Catholic issue. This time, both campaigns inevitably reflected the vapid irresolution of the Eisenhower era—an irresolution that Kennedy was courageous enough to denounce but which he could not adequately document, particularly considering that his party had been so restrained in its opposition during Eisenhower's tenure of office.

This time, it also happened that a medium of communication, TV, profoundly altered the content of what both candidates wanted to communicate to the nation. The debates gave us a spell of electronic direct democracy on a continental scale. No wonder that, as in the Athenian agora, the verdict of the American electorate was made by sheer chance.

We said it before and we will say it again: it was a nightmare. The chattering image of the two candidates conveyed interchangeable and predictable messages. On November 8, a troubled and indecisive electorate was patriotic enough to drag itself to the polls in approximately the same high percentage as in 1952, but its decision was like the toss of a coin.

It would be frightening even to assume that such a state of national schizophrenia could become permanent. Some of the causes that produced it are not likely to occur again, for the next administration could never be as flabby as the last one. There is nothing ghostly about Senator Kennedy, and moreover, now that he has acknowledged an unwarranted debt of gratitude to the TV debates, it is to be hoped he will never indulge in that game again.

AS THINGS have turned out, the nearly accidental character of his victory gives him as great a range of freedom as there is greatness within him. He is not beholden to anyone, for he owes his power to chance. He must now create the reasons for his power. He must surround himself with good technicians, people who know how to do their job in the various departments of government entrusted to them, while all the basic political decisions are his and only his. In the appointments he has made so far, he has moved in this direction and has done well. He must work to gain a mandate in '64 retroactive to '60. He will.

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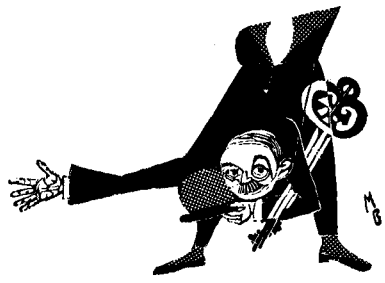

The Foreign Legion Of U.S. Public Relations

DOUGLASS CATER AND WALTER PINCUS

On January 30, 1959, the president of the Mutual Broadcasting System, Alexander L. Guterma, accompanied by the chairman of Mutual's board of directors, Hal Roach, Jr., and several other associates, flew to Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic. There he entered into an unusual agreement with representatives of dictator Rafael Trujillo. For a consideration of $750,000, paid in advance, Guterma agreed that for an eighteen-month period Mutual would broadcast a "monthly minimum of 425 minutes of news and commentary regarding the Dominican Republic." Trujillo's government would serve as its own news agency, supplying Mutual with items of news interest "by telegrams, air-mail dispatches, or telephonic beeper calls." Guterma also gave the Dominicans power of censorship by guaranteeing not to broadcast news inconsistent with their country's best interests, "in your sole and exclusive judgment."

Subsequently, a series of legal actions proceeded out of this deal—a hearing under the Bankruptcy Act involving Mutual, a civil action filed by the Dominicans to get their money back, and a Justice Department case against Guterma for failing to register as a foreign agent. From these proceedings, a fairly detailed account of what happened can be pieced together.

The origins of the agreement Guterma made in Ciudad Trujillo may be traced back to several earlier encounters between Saul S. Nevins, an attorney seeking capital for Guterma, and Porfirio Rubirosa, the celebrated international bridegroom who at the time was serving as Dominican ambassador to Cuba. During one meeting, Rubirosa complained about the unfavorable press coverage his government was getting in the United States. Nevins had earlier shown how Mutual could do something about it. Nevins had phoned in a story from Ciudad Trujillo about anti-Batista sentiment in the Dominican Republic that subsequently was broadcast twice from Washington, with Nevins identified as Mutual correspondent in the Dominican Republic. Mutual's Washington news director testified later that the practice of taking such information was not unusual. "We get a good deal of our news from people [who are not] newsmen. These can be fire chiefs, senators, congressmen."

Evidently the idea that such news coverage could be a salable commodity did not take long to develop. When Guterma's group met with Otto Vega, special assistant to Generalissimo Trujillo, they came right to the point. "They said they were in a position to secure . . . in the United States an outlet for our news," Vega testified later. Guterma produced a map of the Mutual Network and pointed out the number of stations that would be involved.

Broker Rubirosa

Guterma also provided another quick demonstration of the product he was prepared to sell. According to Vega's testimony: "He said, 'Give me an idea, some piece of news you would like to broadcast.' I said that I did not have anything. He said, 'Well, since we have Mr. Rubirosa here and Mr. Roach here, why not say Mr. Rubirosa is going to make a picture for Hal Roach in the Dominican Republic and they are negotiating that.' " The very next day, returning to New York in Guterma's private plane, the group heard Walter Winchell recite their make-believe news item over the Mutual Network.

During that same flight, Guterma showed Nevins a draft copy of the specific terms he was prepared to offer the Dominicans. The lawyer later professed amazement at their boldness. It amounted to nearly fifteen minutes daily to be "carried by the entire network . . . in a normal course of our broadcasting day." There was only one restriction: "We will not carry any news extolling the Communist cause but agree that the primary purpose is to exemplify the stability and tranquillity of the Dominican Republic and its un-

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equivocal position and stand against Communism."

Nevins was fearful that the contract might run afoul of the law requiring agents of foreign governments to register with the Justice Department. To get around this requirement, he arranged to draw up papers creating for Guterma a new corporation, Radio News Service, which could claim exemption from the act on the grounds that it was a bona fide news-gathering agency.

The terms were acceptable to both sides, and on February 5, the negotiators having returned to Ciudad Trujillo, Vega brought to Guterma's suite at the El Embajador Hotel a cloth sack containing the $750,000, mostly in thousand-dollar bills. Not all of it, however, went to Guterma. Later, in trying to account for it, he claimed that he had been obliged to pay "brokerage fees" of $50,000 to Rubirosa, $25,000 to Vega (Vega denied receiving it), $37,500 to Nevins, and $57,500 to his other associates.

What remained was evidently insufficient to meet Guterma's pressing financial needs. In mid-February, 1959, he lost control of F. L. Jacobs, the holding company in which he combined his various enterprises, and was forced to resign as president of Mutual. Not long afterward, he was indicted for stock fraud in connection with his F. L. Jacobs dealings and he is now serving a five-year prison term. When that is completed, an additional eight- to twenty-four-month sentence awaits him for failing to register as a Dominican agent.

HOW SERIOUSLY did Guterma ever intend to live up to the terms of this agreement with Trujillo? The Dominican government, in filing suit for the return of its money, now claims that the contract was "not performed, was incapable of performance and was entered into by claimant on the basis of mistake in law and fact."

Because Guterma pleaded *nolo contendere* to the illegal-agent charges filed by the Justice Department, there was only fragmentary evidence of the extent to which Guterma managed to turn Mutual into a propaganda outlet of the Dominicans. Robert Hurleigh testified that as Mutual vice-president, he once received a call at his Washington office from Guterma in Ciudad Trujillo. He "said he had a congressman there who had . . . made a speech before the Legislature, or whatever

the name is, and he thought this would be a good broadcast, so we took the Congressman in on a beeper. . . ." Tapes of the visiting congressman, Gardner Withrow (R., Wisconsin), were used on newscasts during the day. On another occasion Hurleigh sent Guterma a note calling his attention to a "Capitol Cloakroom" interview with Senator Allen Ellender (D., Lousiana) on the Caribbean situation. Guterma promptly forwarded tapes of the two network broadcasts to Vega as proof the contract was being fulfilled.

Apparently Hurleigh, who succeeded Guterma as president of Mutual, was unaware at the time of what lay beneath this sudden interest in the Dominicans. The first he learned of it, according to his testimony, was in May, 1959, when he and a Mutual reporter visited Ciudad Trujillo on a press junket arranged by the Dominicans. Hurleigh was shocked when Vega made inquiries about the contract. To stave off further involvement in this embarrassing affair, the Dominican government was paid $12,500, and it returned the eleven hundred shares of Mutual stock that Guterma had turned over to Vega as "good faith" collateral.

In becoming a publicity agent for a foreign government, Guterma was going into a business that has been expanding rapidly in this country during the last few years. Several hundred agents of foreign governments are duly registered at the Justice Department (as Guterma was not), and the number is constantly increasing. Many of these foreign agents are simply promoting tourism, while others are lawyers carrying on the various legal and lobbying activities in Washington that are considered necessary to backstop diplomatic missions. As the files at Justice indicate, a good many—comparative newcomers but more numerous all the time—are professional public-relations experts engaged in the business of influencing American opinion.

In the main, of course, this expansion of P.R. in the United States on behalf of foreign governments is no more surprising or sinister than the growth of the domestic variety as an adjunct to private or public business. They are, in fact, parallel efforts to meet the same basic need. The systematic cultivation of public opinion is frequently more fruitful than more direct attempts to influence government officials. But the ways of communicating with the public are intricate indeed. As Harold Oram, Inc., put it in a memorandum soliciting the P.R. account of the government of Ghana: "The services of a professional public relations firm are . . . becoming more of a necessity than ever before. The vast and complex network of media outlets, both mass and specialized, require, for effective utilization, long years of experience and understanding. . . ."

Unlabeled Commercials

In seeking this "effective utilization" of the "media outlets," not every P.R. agent of a foreign government has done its work as openly and candidly as the Oram firm. A great temptation for many of them lies in the fact that the press and the other media have proved to be peculiarly vulnerable to the infiltration of blatant propaganda.

For example, in 1954 the government of Guatemala, then headed by Carlos Castillo Armas, hired John A. Clements Associates at a fee of $8,000 a month to engage in a public-relations campaign on its behalf. This job, according to the Justice Department registration, was to be handled by Clements and Patrick McMahon, who were at the same time serving as editor and Washington editor, respectively, of the *American Mercury*. As a further coincidence, that magazine published a number of articles on Guatemala during the period, three of them of a political nature. While on the Guatemala payroll, McMahon also acted as consultant to the House

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committee which investigated Communism in Guatemala and, according to his statement to the Justice Department, "prepared [its] report and helped edit the hearings. . . ."

OR TAKE the special case of the Nationalist Chinese government, which has long displayed an anxious regard for its public image in this country:

Item: Early in 1959, the North American Newspaper Alliance carried a series of stories written from Formosa by Don Frifield. The reader was not informed that NANA's correspondent was also employed by Hamilton Wright, the U.S. public-relations firm handling the Nationalist China account. Frifield has received $19,700 during the past two years for "editorial services."

Item: In June, 1958, during one of the periodic crises over the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, there was shown at Radio City Music Hall in New York a documentary film entitled "Fortress Formosa," which had been "produced" by Twentieth Century-Fox. It was subsequently distributed to movie theaters all over the country. In the screen billings, a credit line indicated that it had been "Arranged by Hamilton Wright," but the viewer had no way of knowing that Hamilton Wright serves as Nationalist China's registered agent. The film, in Technicolor and CinemaScope, had actually been shot by the P.R. firm's camera crews and then turned over without cost to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Item: Last October 14, the morning after the third "Great Debate," in which the Presidential candidates tangled over Quemoy and Matsu, NBC's "Today" carried on its news roundup a report of Chiang Kai-shek's angry rejection of Kennedy's position on those islands. While the television viewer heard Chiang quoted as voicing firm determination to resist the surrender of the islands, he watched a film clip depicting Nationalist Chinese troops and tanks parading in full battle array. This film was another production of Hamilton Wright supplied gratis to the NBC film library and used without credit.

Item: Since 1957, the *Saturday Evening Post* has carried a series of signed editorials by Geraldine Fitch in which she has defended Chiang's policies and criticized others for their lack of sympathy with those policies. The *Post* has identified Mrs. Fitch as an author who "spent many years in China and now lives in Formosa." But it has made no mention of the fact that she is also employed in Taipei as "consultant editor" of the Government Information Office, Republic of China.

Item: In a catalogue of free programs offered to independent television stations, Radiant Films of 358 West 44th Street, New York, includes a half-hour documentary, "Miracle in Free China" (". . . where Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and their ten million followers are marking time for the return to the mainland!") and "Face of Free China" ("How American defense in the Pacific is tied into the

general defense of the free world through the U.S. Alliance with the Republic of China"). The only hint of who produced and paid for this entertainment is the cryptic mention that it was "Filmed by the world-renowned Hamilton Wright Organization." Neither Hamilton Wright nor Radiant Films, which is not registered as a foreign agent, has supplied the Justice Department with information about the distribution of these films, which were paid for by the government of Nationalist China.

Item: On a number of occasions in recent years, the New York *Times* has published letters to the editor, supporting the Chinese Nationalist stands, from Harold Riegelman, a New York attorney who has been both the city's acting postmaster and the Republican candidate for mayor. Though Mr. Riegelman is registered as a foreign agent of Nationalist China, he has not felt an obligation to label his communications under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. Neither the *Times's* editors nor its readers could be expected to know from his letters of Mr. Riegelman's connections with the Nationalist Chinese.

Private vs. Public P.R.

Foreign governments have provided Americans with information about themselves for a good many years. The British, starting with a modest library shortly after the First World War, have expanded the British Information Services in the United States into an efficient operation that now spends $1 million a year, with publishing and film facilities in New York and a B.I.S. representative stationed in Washington's National Press Building, where he is an accessible companion and counselor to the capital's reporters. Thirty-five other countries have established more or less similar information facilities, and have reported expenditures in 1959 totaling nearly $7 million. We do the same thing on a large scale in our U.S. Information Service missions around the world.

But the use of private P.R. firms in the United States on behalf of foreign governments dates largely from the end of the Second World War. Sometimes it was a matter of special necessity. The Roy Bernard Company of New York, which works for West Germany, took the account when its government was not entitled to send an official information mission to this country. A number of firms quickly moved into what was fast becoming a highly profitable field of enterprise. In addition to Nationalist China, Hamilton Wright's clients include Italy and Mexico. Hill & Knowlton, Inc., handles Japan; Harold L. Oram, Inc., has South Vietnam; Curtis J. Hoxter, Inc., works for Austria, Guatemala, and Brazil; Max Rogel, Inc., which formerly had the South Korean account, also takes care of Nicaragua.

During the past two or three

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years there has been a scramble among American P.R. firms to sign up the emerging African nations. When Vice-President Nixon visited Africa in 1957, one enterprising P.R. man got himself included in the entourage and tried to sell his services along the way.

The size of a foreign government's P.R. operation in the United States is by no means related to the country's size or relative power. The Dominican Republic, for example, has spent during the past five years more than $2,500,000 for assorted P.R. projects here. In 1946, the Dominicans hired Harry Klemfuss of New York to set up a Dominican Republic Information Center at $1,500 monthly. In 1952, a Miami *Herald* columnist, Jack Kofoed, was paid $2,300 monthly, which included $800 for expenses, to prepare a book on Trujillo and to write magazine and newspaper stories about the Dominican Republic. ("General Trujillo isn't as well known to the American people as he should be," ran one of several Kofoed columns that year dealing with the Dominicans. "Even his enemies can't deny that Trujillo has, single handed, lifted his country from the lowest state it could reach to the place it occupies now.") In 1957, A. Tyler Hull, a maker of documentary films, was paid $35,000 to prepare a thirty-minute color film and a twenty-six-minute black-and-white film for television, guaranteeing in his contract "a minimum of 300 television broadcasts in the United States to an estimated audience of more than 15 million viewers within a period of twenty-four months."

During that same year, Trujillo hired Sydney Baron, Inc., to combat adverse publicity arising from the mysterious disappearance in New York City of Dr. Jesús de Galíndez, an outspoken opponent of the Dominican dictatorship. Baron listed receipts for 1957 and 1958 amounting to $562,855, of which more than $200,000 went to the well-known attorney Morris Ernst, who was retained "to undertake an investigation of the so-called Galíndez affair in so far as it touches upon implications and accusations against . . . the government of the Dominican Republic and persons holding high office in that government." In 1959, even as Guterma was making his deal with the Dominicans, By-Line Newsreel Productions was hired to produce a fifteen-minute sound movie each month for the purpose of "making increasingly known the progress achieved in the Dominican Republic." The agreement specified that

these newsreels, which cost $3,000 apiece, would be shown in nine hundred movie houses throughout the United States.

As any reporter can testify, much of foreign P.R. performs a useful service in keeping the press informed about facts they need to know. Taken as a whole, it is no more mysterious or unscrupulous than P.R. work done for domestic clients. It varies, of course, from firm to firm and client to client, since in this unlicensed and unlimited profession the practitioners are pretty much able to devise their own rules and ethics as they go along. But in one respect the work done for a foreign government does differ from that performed in behalf of, say, an American manufacturer. For one thing, the American public's familiarity with the domestic client's product is apt to exert some check on the activities of those who promote it. But such restraints do not apply so rigorously to a foreign client, particularly if it happens to be the government of a country not visited by many American tourists, congressmen, and journalists who may snoop around a little during their travels.

Obviously in our days, nearly all nations are engaged in some sort of direct or indirect public-relations activities abroad. The United States, it is hoped, operates constantly and efficiently in this field. But the activities and the policies of a large country are always the object of scrutiny and debate. The same does not apply to small countries, or rather to their governments—all too often when the very survival of those governments depends to a large extent on the assistance they receive from us. The facts we need to know are often concealed, or get to us too late. All of a sudden there may be a blow-up in a country with which we have been deeply involved. When that happens, it not only upsets the best-laid plans of the P.R. men but greatly harms America's prestige.

'How Much Would It Cost?'

A foreign government's assumptions about how to handle press relations in the United States are heavily conditioned by the way it treats the press back home. Generalissimo Trujillo had no reason to doubt that he could buy the services of a radio network. When General Batista was still boss in Cuba in 1958, he approached a New York P.R. firm with a query about how much it would cost to get favorable stories in the New York *Times* (Batista felt sure that Herbert Matthews of the *Times* was in the pay of Castro).

False expectations, it must be added, have sometimes been encouraged by overzealous P.R. firms. On file at the Justice Department is a copy of a prospectus prepared by Max Rogel, Inc., soliciting the Nicaraguan account. It makes this claim: "We now have a comprehensive news service that makes it possible to flash a story or a photograph to every major daily newspaper in the United States. This story will come across the wire into the offices of these newspapers. It will be treated as a news story and will be received as such. . . . This is an operation that is very similar to the workings of the two major news services in the United States. It is, in actuality, a service extended to us by one of these two news services on an exclusive basis." What the prospectus apparently referred to was the PR Newswire in New York, which transmits releases around the city and which, of course, has no official connection with either AP or UPI.

A similar impression of accessibility to the heartbeat of the news system was contained in the Rogel

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proposal to the Korean government that the first step in its operations would be "to secure a newspaper person who could act as our leg man or stringer in Seoul. . . . This individual will be someone who is known in Seoul and approved by your government. He will be attached to one of the wire services." In a recent interview, Rogel's executive vice-president, Clyde Matthews, has stated that his firm never obtained such a wire-service stringer in Korea. But he pointed out that it is not out of keeping with P.R. practice. In Nicaragua, according to the firm's filings with the Justice Department, payments were made to one Leonardo Lacayo, who also serves as a UPI stringer in Managua as well as editor of the pro-government newspaper *Novedades*. Matthews estimates that half of the news stories that come out of Nicaragua are in one way or another the products of the firm's initiative.

Sweetness and Light

Naturally those who are in the business of creating favorable impressions about their clients are not apt to underestimate their own accomplishments. Many of the reputed feats of the P.R. men prove after investigation to be pretty trivial stuff, a conspicuous waste of a foreign government's money. But it would be a mistake to think that P.R.'s foreign legion is ineffective. Perhaps the most dramatic example of what it can accomplish occurred in 1955, when the Cubans were faced with the imminent threat that their quota of sugar exports to the United States would be slashed in order to favor domestic producers. Forty-nine senators had gone on record for revising the Sugar Act ahead of its scheduled expiration at the end of 1956. In desperation, the Cuban sugar industry hired Samuel E. Stavisky, a Washington newspaperman turned public-relations counsel.

Stavisky, who has described what ensued in a document entitled "The Sweetest Story Ever Sold," launched a campaign that was responsible in large measure for thwarting Congressional action in 1955 and led the next year to a new and highly favorable quota for Cuban sugar that lasted until Castro upset everything. Stavisky estimates that "Effective public relations helped the Cuban sugar industry gain an extra million tons of sugar quota in the American market." It was, according to Stavisky, a P.R. job with a $100-million payoff for his client.

The operation was directed more at the press than at the politicians. Stavisky reasoned that he had a good but complex story to get across on a subject about which most reporters were notably ignorant. Liked and respected by his former colleagues, he gathered small groups of them for lunch at Washington's Colony Restaurant and discussed the political ramifications of sugar with an old newsman's sense for the interesting "story angle." With the help of a liberal expense account, he "encouraged" reporters to visit Cuba. Some were provided with travel subsidies when they couldn't make it on their own. One correspondent even charged off his gambling losses.

More important, Stavisky soon worked out a news angle that made the fate of Cuban sugar important local news all over the United States. Using an IBM punch-card breakdown of shipping invoices, he traced the origin of the more than $400 million in U.S. exports to Cuba the previous year by state, city, Congressional district, product, industry, and company. Soon a steady flow of

stories began to appear in local papers around the country about the importance of the Cuban market to Texas oil, California beans, Arkansas rice, and Ohio lard. In the western tier of the North Central States, whose congressmen were generally hostile to sugar imports, it was discovered that 708 manufacturers had sold Cuba more than $22 million in 1953. This was considered news throughout that region.

A newsman's intimate connections on Capitol Hill served Stavisky in good stead. In early 1955, Stavisky relates, when Vice-President Nixon visited Cuba during a Caribbean tour he was briefed with a Stavisky memo and the Havana reporters were loaded with Stavisky-inspired questions for Nixon.

Publicity counterattacks against the domestic sugar interests were also part of the Stavisky operation. When Senator Ellender took two "experts" representing those interests into a closed Senate committee session, the fact was soon published in a Drew Pearson column that proclaimed, "Ellender Works for Sugar Lobby."

Stavisky measured his impact on newspapers in column-inches. His scrapbook is crammed with clippings from newspapers all over the country, many bearing a word-for-word identity with his press releases. Frequently they have omitted any mention of their origin.

Who Picks Up the Tab?

In assessing the abuses that crop up, those involved in public relations often pass the blame to the press. One veteran P.R. man for a Central American client estimates that his firm "places" between a hundred and two hundred stories a week in the newspapers, often used verbatim and sometimes with a prominent reporter's by-line added. He finds that it is getting easier all the time to do the newsman's job for him. "From my point of view as a P.R. man, this is good," he remarks, "but from journalism's point of view it is not good. The number of reporters with time to dig beyond the surface facts seems to be getting smaller and smaller. We fill a vacuum in the flow of news."

He ascribes this condition in part to the economics of U.S. news coverage. Despite the hordes of reporters who congregate in Washington or accompany the President on his goodwill missions, the ranks of American journalists covering the rest of the world are remarkably thin. By his estimate, nine-tenths of our news from the smaller foreign countries is

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handled by stringers who piece out their income with other jobs. The Associated Press claims that it services eighty countries, maintaining regular correspondents in more than fifty of them. In many places, at least until events reach a crisis point, news coverage is very much a hit-or-miss proposition.

In Cuba, for example, it turned out after the Castro revolution that the AP stringer at the Presidential Palace had been on Batista's payroll. The Dominican Republic long controlled stringers working for U.S. publications by its control over all domestic papers.

To get coverage for the countries they represent, both great and small, P.R. agencies frequently provide travel subsidies for the press. But many feel that the practice has been increasingly getting out of hand and has dubious benefits. Curtis Hoxter says he receives as many as ten calls a week from reporters looking for junkets. Among a dozen or so P.R. firms we interviewed, none had failed to get requests for travel subsidy or other gifts, ranging from a case of liquor on up, as incentives to do a "good" story.

Among reporters, whose income averages far less than that of their P.R. counterparts, there are no generally agreed-upon ethics about these practices. Free-lancers particularly, having no guarantee that their articles will be bought, accept it as part of the game. The Society of Magazine Writers does not include in its Code of Ethics and Good Practices anything on the subject of accepting or labeling such financial assistance. James Doyle, who wrote a story for North American Newspaper Alliance after a week's trip to Nicaragua last August, paid for by the P.R. firm of Max Rogel, argues: "You are not deceiving editors. They know somebody pays your way. But no good reporter is going to be seduced by room, board, or an airplane ride." Doyle claims that for "marginal" stories like Nicaragua, its government must pay the freight or nobody will go. "After all, who gives a damn about Nicaragua?"

Neither Doyle nor John McBride, Latin-American columnist for the New York *Mirror,* who also went on the Nicaraguan junket, believes it would be appropriate to state who paid for such trips in published copy. "When you do something like that," McBride says, "it takes away from your writing no matter what you say. It would hurt if readers knew the paper wouldn't send you down but the Nicaraguan government would."

ECONOMICS plays an even bigger role in the newsreel business. Placing films seems to be a nearly sure-shot proposition for the knowledgeable P.R. man. The firm of Hamilton Wright, for example, has some of the finest camera crews and equipment in the business. One of its typical contracts, drawn up with the government of Chile, provides that newsreels with commentary will be prepared and delivered free of charge to Fox Movietone, MGM Newsreel, Paramount, Warner Pathé, and Universal International: "This organization guarantees that five or more of the above newsreels shall be accepted and shown by at least one of the above-mentioned companies throughout its entire chain of theaters in the United States." Much the same guarantee has been made to Nationalist China.

According to Hamilton Wright, Jr., such a guarantee is "based on past experience." The normal procedure in placing a newsreel for a client is to prepare seven hundred feet on a subject and supply an informational sheet that will permit the editors to edit it for themselves. Last spring, for example, the firm offered footage on the Formosan elections that Fox Movietone used in its regular newsreels.

The documentary "Fortress Formosa" was turned over to Twentieth Century-Fox with a grant of full ownership rights for a five-year period. But Wright minimizes the propaganda value of these efforts. "For theatrical distribution, they must be subtle," he declared. "They cannot have much political content."

He was seconded on this point by John Kuhne, a veteran documentary producer for Twentieth Century-Fox, who claims that he turns down most film submissions even though they are free. The ones he accepts, like "Fortress Formosa," are picked solely for their entertainment value. He rejects the suggestion that the source of such films might be clearly labeled: "It would look like a direct propaganda bit." He points out that Twentieth Century-Fox does not label the Defense Department films that are supplied regularly to all major distributors.

Jerome Kahn, assistant news editor of Twentieth Century-Fox, has said he will incorporate P.R. film in his newsreels only when it contains a legitimate news story. There have been times, he claims, when Hamilton Wright has had the only footage of areas Chiang bars to regular photographers. He doesn't object to having a P.R. outfit handle the Dominican Republican because this is the only way to get films. The newsreel company simply can't afford to send its own crew.

Among P.R. firms, there is general agreement that the theater newsreel is in a declining state and pretty well forced to live on handouts. Even those who do this handing out sometimes feel the pinch. An executive at Harold Oram, Inc., which handles the account of South Vietnam for an annual fee of a mere $38,000, has said, "You never see a film on Vietnam in your theaters because we don't have the money to make it."

TELEVISION networks generally keep a sharp eye out for attempts at infiltration by P.R. operators. "They try to use us," said Piers Anderton of NBC News, who handles the Huntley-Brinkley newscasts, "but we use them." He will accept footage but not the accompanying scripts. In reference to the film clip of Chiang's forces that was shown on "Today"

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right after the Nixon-Kennedy debate over Quemoy, Bill Fitzgerald, news director for the program, points out that it was only a brief sequence and that it had been stored for some time in the NBC film library. He does not feel that the network was under any obligation to identify those who originally provided the film. "They are satisfied with the exposure. There is no prerequisite to mention their name." What about responsibility to the public? "I don't think the public is too interested in knowing," Fitzgerald said.

By far the most fertile field for the planting of P.R. film has been in direct submission to independent television stations. It has, in fact, become such an active market that there are now a number of middlemen who specialize in distributing free films being offered for television use. These distributors are paid for each showing, not by the station but by the supplier of the film.

One of the biggest of these distributors, Sterling Movies U.S.A., Inc., puts out quarterly a fat catalogue of offerings that have been prepared to fill half- and quarter-hour time slots in a TV station's schedule. The catalogue usually makes no mention of who has paid for the production of these films. It is obvious that many are veiled advertisements for tourist resorts or industrial sponsors. In its foreign listings, the Spring 1960 catalogue listed eight films on Algeria ("The background story on this critical area in world affairs. . . . Enlightening information on the movement toward nationalism"), four on the Sahara, two on Morocco, three on Tunisia, one on Turkey, and six on South Africa ("Points up similarities between U.S. and South African history"). On investigation, it turned out that several of the Algerian films had actually been paid for by the French government, which then hired New York producers to edit them, dub in English voices, and pay for the distribution. Essentially the same procedure is known to have been followed by South Africa and governments of several of the other countries involved.

"Public advocacy" by a foreign country's diplomats, argues the Ghana memorandum prepared by Harold L. Oram, Inc., is generally regarded as "improper interference in the internal affairs of the United States" and "a highly ineffective method to convert or persuade the American public. . . ." Therefore, the memorandum goes on, "One of the cardinal rules of effective public relations, particularly in the political sphere, is to remove the source of

the ideas (in this case the Government of Ghana or its representatives) as far as possible from the advocates (whether they be private individuals, organizations or media)."

The Dim Spotlight

Oram may be right. But one trouble with his argument is that it does not entirely square with the terms of the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938, amended in 1942, which specify that a public-relations agent employed by a foreign government is required, after registering with the Justice Department, to make full disclosure of activities and expenditures and to label all communications intended to influence "any section of the public . . . with reference to the political or public interests, policies, or relations of a government of a foreign country. . . ." The act grew out of Congressional concern over Nazi propaganda agents in this country. "Resting on the fundamental Constitutional principle," according to an interpretation by Justice Hugo Black, "that our people adequately informed may be trusted to distinguish between the true and the false, the bill is intended to label information of foreign origin so the hearers and readers may not be deceived by the belief that the information comes from a disinterested source." The chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, Representative Emanuel Celler, who helped draft the law, counted on fighting fire with fire by using "the spotlight of pitiless publicity" to expose foreign propaganda.

But the law has had a hard time keeping up with expanding P.R. activities in the postwar period. Nathan B. Lenvin, chief of the Justice Department's registration section, is quite confident "that the vast majority who come within the purview of the statute have registered." Over its twenty-two-year history, there have been twenty-three prosecutions for failure to do so and twenty-one convictions.

But the spotlight in which Congress placed its trust has certainly been less than pitiless. Few people come to look at the files in Lenvin's outer office, and few of the documents give the kind of details that Congress ordered. Many of the reports filed there make only the barest statement about expenditure or activities in behalf of foreign clients. Some P.R. agents who submitted fuller details in former years have dropped the practice. (One, who admits that his reports are not very lengthy, says frankly that he has no intention of telling his competitors what he is doing.)

The act's most neglected provision has been the requirement to label the source of political information. Time and again in our investigations we came across what appeared to be clear violations. But the Justice Department has never brought a test case in this area. No one is certain, for example, how precisely a distributor or a television station is supposed to identify films prepared by foreign agents. The Federal Communications Commission has also failed to explore this field despite its regulation that "a station disclose to its audience exactly who is paying for or furnishing the broadcast material . . . [on] political matters or controversial issues of public importance."

The FCC's own precedents governing domestic P.R. would seem to be pertinent. In 1958, the commission

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censured Westinghouse Broadcasting for failing to label film used on a news program that had been provided free of charge by the National Association of Manufacturers. Such a practice, the FCC held, required "the highest degree of diligence on the part of the licensee . . . in ascertaining . . . the actual source . . . and identifying this source plainly to the viewing audience."

Perhaps the law is too cumbersome to cope with the way some news finds its path to the public nowadays: foreign agent to producer to distributor to middlemen to media representative. Frequently, it is a difficult matter to determine the origin of something that finally appears in print or on the screen. And it could quickly become a rather absurd pursuit if the Justice Department were to try to monitor all the stages of this very broad enterprise. Too much that passes for high-powered P.R. work is too picayune to matter.

IN THE LONG RUN, the responsibility for keeping the communications channels open and working properly must be borne primarily by those engaged in the business of communication. It is up to those who control the spotlight of publicity to see that it is bright enough and properly focused. The press and other media surely ought not to pass along cheap propaganda simply because they haven't the time or the cash to check stories for themselves. Ultimately, it is not just a matter of economics but even more one of ethics.

There are no cut-and-dried rules to be laid down in this game. A reporter or a broadcaster would be a fool to chuck pertinent information in the wastebasket simply because it came to him from a P.R. source Foreign P.R., as practiced by reputable private firms as well as official government information agencies, has done a great deal to break down the barriers of isolation and lack of interest that once kept our public opinion aloof and ill informed.

But the press must apply its criteria of selection very carefully in an area of communication that vitally affects our understanding of what is going on in the rest of the world—and of what we are asked to do about it.

REPORTS FROM ABROAD

How de Gaulle's Offer Looks to the Other Side

CLAIRE STERLING

TUNIS

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE has announced his decision to hold a national referendum on self-determination in Algeria as the first stage in the establishment of an independent republic there. This would include the reorganization of the Algerian administration. The second stage would be the formation of a predominantly Moslem provisional cabinet; the last would be an Algerian referendum to determine whether the new republic preferred to be freely associated with France or wholly free.

There was no concession in this announcement to those who had brought de Gaulle to power in 1958, no mention of a "French" solution or an "integrated" Algeria. There was, in fact, considerable resemblance between what de Gaulle was offering and what for years Algerian nationalists, the F.L.N. included, had demanded. What difference there is consists in de Gaulle's refusal to recognize the F.L.N. as sole bargaining agent for all Algeria. De Gaulle does not deny to the F.L.N. the right to become a major political force in the country, provided it receives a mandate from the Algerian electorate. In his speech of November 4, de Gaulle made clear his position: ". . . the rebel chiefs, who have lived outside of Algeria for six years and who—if we are to believe

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them—will continue to do so for a long time to come, claim to be the government of the Algerian Republic, a republic which will one day exist but which has never yet existed." De Gaulle refused to recognize the F.L.N. as a government whose legitimacy should be retroactive to the beginning of the insurrection. The F.L.N. leaders, de Gaulle went on to say in his speech, "even demand that before the vote, I pledge to bring the army back to Metropolitan France. Consequently their arrival in Algiers under such conditions would render self-determination a meaningless formality and, even if they did not wish it, would throw the territory into terrible chaos. This would certainly be for the sole and quick benefit of the totalitarian empires. Now, it is precisely the rebel chiefs who, rather than to make peace, have chosen these empires as protectors in order to prolong the war. Do they not see that under such auspices they are perforce being led toward a Soviet Algeria?"

A Pilgrim in Peking

What President de Gaulle had in mind was the agreement reached in Peking at the beginning of October between Mao Tse-tung and Ferhat Abbas, head of the Algerian provisional government, for "total and unconditional" Chinese aid to the rebels. No details were released concerning the quantity and quality of this aid, or the date of its arrival. But highly qualified sources here in Tunis gave reporters to understand that it would include light arms and ammunition, armored cars, radar, transport and telecommunications equipment, and military technicians, and that negotiations for their delivery in Tunisia, Morocco, and Senegal would be concluded before the year was out.

There was evidently a strong element of bluff behind this. Before Chinese matériel could get here—and the physical difficulties of transport alone might retard it for several months—the F.L.N. clearly intended to use the Chinese threat to frighten the United States and the United Nations into forcing de Gaulle into compelling the army and the "ultras" in Algiers to accept a peace settlement on its own terms.

In the strictly military sense, the F.L.N. might not gain much from Chinese intervention. Neither Mao nor Abbas seems to think Chinese volunteers are indicated, for the moment at any rate; nor are they apparently thinking in terms of heavy armament, which has no place in the kind of highly mobile guerrilla warfare that enables the F.L.N. to hold off a French army that vastly outnumbers its own. Furthermore, even the lightest weapons would not only have to travel nearly halfway around the world to reach the rebels but would then have to get past the heavily fortified 400-kilometer Morice Line separating Tunisia from Algeria, or similar fortifications along Algeria's Moroccan border, or the trackless Sahara to the south.

Whatever rifles, machine guns, or ammunition may be lost in transit, however, the implication is that there are plenty more where they came from. The whole point of the transaction, in fact, lies in Mao's assurance that the rebels will never lack weapons, money, or powerful friends so long as they continue to immobilize several NATO divisions in Algeria—and the longer the better. "You may be told that the number of your soldiers is diminishing," Mao told Abbas, "but an army of partisans cannot be destroyed. During our Long March, we sometimes used

to be reduced to a force of 17,000 men out of the 300,000 we counted when we started. This did not prevent our victory. . . . Do not accept any compromise with the imperialists. Stand firm on principles. Hold out for real and solid independence. The longer the struggle lasts, the more your enemy's position deteriorates. Time is on your side."

WHEN Abbas went to Peking, the F.L.N.'s troop strength was down to 35,000, and the daily death rate through military engagements in Algeria had increased from forty to eighty. This didn't mean that the rebels were at the point of collapse, or anywhere near it. But the decline in their fighting power had brought a corresponding decline in bargaining power, as became evident when peace talks broke down with a crash last summer at Melun. The deal with China drastically changed their position. They had gone to Peking persuaded that de Gaulle was holding out for their unconditional surrender; they came back determined —and, they thought, able—to hold out for his.

Officially, that is still their position. They have rejected de Gaulle's proposal point-blank. But they could hardly have done otherwise on the eve of a General Assembly debate in which their demand for immediate U.N. intervention rests on de Gaulle's presumed incapacity to settle the conflict. The final decision is yet to come.

Unofficially, there is already a discernible change. Not even the most intractable among Algerians here still doubt de Gaulle's personal desire to find a reasonable solution. What they do doubt still is his ability to neutralize his army. "De Gaulle has refused to negotiate directly with us unless and until we lay down our arms," says one of Abbas's aides. "But guerrilla fighters can't simply lay down their arms and pick them up again. Our supplies, food, shelter, recruits, transport, and communications all depend on a laboriously constructed clandestine civilian network, held together day by day. Once that falls into disuse, we're finished—and the French Army knows it.

"Since we have rejected this proposal, de Gaulle now suggests that he put our own ideas into effect—with our forbearance, our comprehension, even our active collaboration, but without us. This isn't just a question of status or pride: whether

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or not we are the only participant, or one of several, in a final settlement, no Algerian could have the slightest doubt about who got him his independence. It's a question of what can happen to a referendum, an election, or a native governing body in Algeria when we are absent and the French Army is present. The whole world knows what can happen. So do the Algerians—which is why not a single Moslem of any stature will join a provisional cabinet today without our sanction. How can we give that sanction without a bargain signed and sealed in advance? Does anyone seriously believe that a native cabinet could impose its will on the army and the 'ultras' when not even the French government can do that?"

The Man in the Middle

Naturally, the argument isn't quite as simple as it might seem. Though men like Abbas may say they wouldn't mind going into negotiations through the back door, they plainly *would* mind; and if Moslem leaders are reluctant to enter the proposed cabinet without the F.L.N.'s fiat—as they are—they may be motivated as much by fear as by conviction. None of this makes the risks for the rebels any less real.

A Habib Bourguiba in Ferhat Abbas's place might take the risk. In fact the Tunisian president did just this in 1955 when he called his fellagha out of the hills to lay down their arms, with only the personal word of Mendès-France that only partial independence would be given. In a sense, he was taking a bigger chance: Mendès-France did not have de Gaulle's immense prestige or hold on the French nation; and when he gave his word, he already had one foot out of office with the other slipping.

So far, the Algerian rebels don't seem to have produced anyone to match Bourguiba in political courage and statesmanship. But he is their host and closest counselor, and a lot will depend now on what he has to say.

Because of Bourguiba's manifest sympathies for the West, his inclination to stick with it at whatever cost has sometimes been taken too much for granted. He did not, for example, oppose the Algerian trip to Peking. Actually the trip was decided on with his "full agreement"; and in an address to his parliament, he formally committed himself to receive Chinese arms and technicians on Tunisian soil when and if the Algerians want them. "If the Al-

gerian affair is complicated by the intervention of Russia or China," he said then, "we shall be obliged to accept that. I cannot oppose any force which might help settle the conflict, even if it is the devil himself who sends it. The consequences of this attitude matter little to me." Nevertheless, there was an evident contradiction between his own objectives in that transaction and those of Mao Tse-tung: where the Chinese leader's consuming interest was to prolong the Algerian war, the Tunisian's was to end it.

From the day Bourguiba gambled for his country's independence and won, he has been perpetually afraid of losing it by getting engulfed in the conflict next door. With a population of only four million and no army to speak of, with the French Navy still installed at its port of Bizerte and the French Army entrenched all along its western border, with 160,000 Algerian refugees sheltered in its territory and from 10,000 to 20,000 rebel troops encamped there, Tunisia has been living not only within earshot of the Algerian war but also at gunpoint. For Bourguiba, therefore, its termination is a matter that goes beyond conscience or Arab solidarity—it is a matter of national survival.

Over the years, his efforts to find a solution have been marked by an increasing desperation. The latest of these was his proposal, in early September, for a union between Tunisia and Algeria. By linking Algeria to an independent state he probably hoped to give de Gaulle the opportunity to negotiate a peace settlement not with a band of armed rebels but with a mature and moderate statesman whom millions of Frenchmen esteem. It was only after he had sent his son to discuss this plan with de Gaulle—who refused to receive him—that Bourguiba gave his approval for the Peking expedition.

At that time, his words for de Gaulle were as harsh as the Algerian rebels'; and his policy, like theirs, was no longer to seek a direct solution with the French but to impose one on them—through the United Nations or through a U.S.-Soviet understanding of the kind reached in 1956 on Suez. He has now found it possible to change his mind, to his immense relief. "The chief of the French state has admitted the existence of an Algerian Republic different from the French Republic," he told reporters recently. "Though his declarations on ways and means remain blurred, he is certainly sincere. What's more, he is a great gentleman. The army would be more hesitant to act against him than against Guy Mollet or Mendès-France. He is the man most qualified to resolve the Algerian conflict, and he must therefore be helped—not by me but by the French themselves, especially the French Left, which must drop its reservations against his use of personal power. . . . What is happening in Algeria seems to me a good sign: we are not far from finding the right mediator. There may still be some somersaults, but I am convinced that . . . an accord is possible."

This doesn't mean that Bourguiba considers de Gaulle's plan acceptable in its present form. "Certain Europeans, certain officers, continue to refuse negotiations," he says. "They demand that the F.L.N. capitulate because, for them, France can-

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not be vanquished. These men will not accept self-determination unless the presence of the army and the voting rules can guarantee that the balloting would lead to integration; what they want is integration through self-determination. The F.L.N. cannot submit to such demands. It is not for the F.L.N. but for France to make new proposals."

IF THIS is something less than full approval, it is a striking improvement over the F.L.N.'s outright rejection. Obviously, Bourguiba is anxious to hold the door open to de Gaulle—and closed to Mao Tse-tung—until the final step to peace can be taken, through friendly mediation. The mediator might be Bourguiba himself, who is eminently eligible. Or it might be one or more of the thirteen African leaders of "French expression" whose countries have recently become independent. Led by Félix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, these leaders have been trying for some months to find a formula for reconciliation within the French Community—probably one in which they themselves could act as referees in an Algerian referendum or election. In late October, they met in Abidjan, the Ivory Coast capital, to discuss such a formula; and since de Gaulle's announcement, they have dispatched delegations to Paris, Rabat, and Tunis to talk it over with Abbas and Bourguiba.

But F.L.N. leaders have long distrusted these Africans who, though they have won their own independence cheaply and easily thanks to the Algerian insurrection, have nevertheless kept more than 30,000 troops fighting with the French Army in Algeria against the rebels. Now that some of them are withdrawing their troops—Senegal, for instance—the atmosphere is somewhat calmer. After the talks in Tunis, in fact, it seemed to become positively cordial. For all that, Abbas still insists that he will judge these African states on how they vote in the United Nations this month.

'One Cannot Wait Indefinitely'

Since the kind of U.N. vote he wants would take the matter out of French hands, Abbas doesn't seem to have budged much from his original posture of intransigence; and in spite of all the pressures on him from fellow Arabs and Africans, there is no assurance that he will. Though he is so western in his thinking that he can't even make a speech in Arabic, he doesn't appear to be as disturbed as Bourguiba is by the prospect of a Chinese alliance. He started out for Peking with a long, meaningful glance over his shoulder at western chancelleries, but once he got there his eyes were set on a different course.

"At the beginning of our war," Abbas told me on his return from China, "we were in the framework of western ideas. But while we felt ourselves part of the West, we also sensed that the West was hostile to us—was really against us. Now, after so much suffering and hard experience, we have moved out of the context of the West and even of the Maghreb [Arab North Africa]. Our views are enlarged. We no longer feel that we shall need France after we win independence. We have learned that France and even the United States don't have everything to give us or teach us. After all, what we need for an undeveloped country like ours isn't skyscrapers. We need to know how to fight flies, how to force a yield out of worn-out soil, how to feed a population living in timeless misery. In these matters, China too has a great deal to teach us. I would certainly not be for a Communist régime in Algeria. But the régime in China is impressive and solid." So too, he added later, was Mao Tse-tung. "I have never had a warmer sense of human contact," he said of his meeting with Mao. "I have never so quickly sensed a feeling of friendship. I have never felt more at ease in my life."

PERHAPS Abbas, under the influence of Bourguiba, has had some sober second thoughts. But it would be dangerous to bank too heavily on the sentiments he started out with six years ago. Bourguiba himself is quite aware of this: "One cannot wait indefinitely, without risk, for the tension to diminish between de Gaulle and the French activists. For the external menace grows as combat continues. The conflict is already internationalized. What is to be feared is that internationalization will reach the stage of shipments of matériel, technicians, men. If Chinese arms arrive at Tunisia's frontiers, I don't know whether Tunisia could oppose their passage."

There is a tangible difference, however, between this "I don't know" and Bourguiba's flat statement that he would welcome help from "the devil himself." If Bourguiba really doesn't want the Chinese—and by now his diffidence is flagrant—his powers of persuasion are enormously increased. Geographically, if in no other way, Tunisia is indispensable to a Sino-Algerian operation.

So long as Chinese intervention remains no more than a threat, the F.L.N. can benefit from it. But once it becomes a reality, not even Abbas could doubt the consequences: a de Gaulle stiffened into his own intransigence; the West alienated; the F.L.N. itself, with its freedom of decision lost, sentenced to many more dreary years of war—an exorbitant price to pay, for Algeria and for the whole world.

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Our Man in Managua

MARVIN ALISKY

By order of President Eisenhower, U.S. naval units began patrolling the Caribbean coast of Guatemala and Nicaragua late in November. The order was touched off by almost simultaneous armed attacks of rebels in those countries. The governments of Guatemala and Nicaragua claim to have proof that Cuba was directly involved; both requested the United States to patrol their Caribbean coasts.

There seems to be no doubt that the delivery of arms by the Communist countries to Cuba has been stepped up. Castro and his government have made it abundantly clear that they mean to spread their revolution over all of Latin America, and perhaps the rebels did receive help from Fidelistas. Before the United States takes a position from which it cannot turn back, however, the history of a country like Nicaragua and our relations to it should be examined—particularly because the United States keeps an ambassador in that country who openly supports the unpopular dictatorship of the Somoza brothers.

The ambassador is Thomas E. Whelan, a Republican from North Dakota, who was appointed by a Democratic President, Mr. Truman. The late Republican Senator William Langer of North Dakota had furnished the Truman administration crucial support and in return had obtained the ambassadorship for his close friend Whelan, a farmer and promoter of football teams. President Eisenhower continued Whelan in his post.

To this day, more than nine years after his appointment, Whelan cannot hold a conversation in Spanish. "Not that it matters," he explains, "because the president and the general speak excellent English. You won't find more American-type fine fellows anywhere."

Washington has received many protests by Nicaraguans against Whelan. One such protest prompted a trip by the ambassador to our capital to explain away the "Communist agitators."

There *are* some genuine Communists *agents provocateurs* in the country. But among the 1,400,000 Nicaraguans there are tens of thousands of non-Communists and anti-Communists who simply want to get rid of the Somoza dictatorship. The Department of State, however, has apparently been persuaded that the Somozas are indispensable in the fight against Communism and that Whelan, in turn, is needed because he understands the Nicaraguan situation.

Most Nicaraguans refer to their government as the Somoza dynasty. In 1937 General Anastasio Somoza, who had gained control of the republic's army through U.S. military help, became president. He ruled for almost two decades, until his assassination in September, 1956. His cruelties were so harsh and so well known throughout Latin America that faraway Uruguay voted his assassin a "Hero of the Americas." This vote was cast *after* President Eisenhower had ordered a doctor to the scene of the assassination in response to a plea from Ambassador Whelan.

Somoza used to jail his enemies without charges. Those who were not shot without trial were often tortured. President Luis Somoza, who succeeded his father, gives evidence of being more humane. But not his brother, General Anastasio Somoza, Jr., head of the Guardia Nacional, who brags about his sadism. "I can make any man talk," he has said. "Just give me a lighted match and the bare sole of his foot."

Shortly after General Anastasio Somoza was killed, a 10 P.M. curfew went into effect. A young American salesman, Thomas Greene, unfamiliar with the local tensions, was picked up by Seguridad, the Somozan security police, and jailed without charges or evidence for a week. His employer, Larry Richardson, a prominent American hardware and machinery dealer in Managua, the capital, pleaded with Ambassador Whelan in vain to intervene. Finally, another American businessman, Russell Brown, resident in Managua since his days with the Marine occupation in the late 1920's, heard about Greene's plight and obtained his release. When Whelan was asked about his failure to protect an innocent American, he said that he did not want to interfere with the Nicaraguan government's security measures.

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Even the location of the American embassy in Managua has become a hated symbol to the Nicaraguans. It is adjacent to the castle of General Anastasio Somoza, Jr., to the west and to the home of the father's widow to the south. Next to the general's castle lies the Presidential Palace atop the Loma de Tiscapa, the hill dominating Managua.

Other governmental offices are downtown, but the command post of the dynasty is the two Somoza brothers' homes high upon Tiscapa. In front of the Somoza mansions, to the north, the hill slopes to Avenida Somoza. Tiscapa bristles with machine guns, sentry posts, and artillery turrets. No other embassy lies within this inner circle.

Journalists and Illiterates

The Somozas make much of the fact that token freedom of the press exists. But Nicaragua is eighty per cent illiterate, although official figures put the percentage at sixty-one. Because of the high illiteracy in the country the radio constitutes the major medium of communication, and radio stations are heavily censored. Two soldiers patrol each of the five Managua stations that broadcast news. The other seven stations and most of the provincial stations carry no news.

In 1959, the U.S. embassy's public-affairs officer, Stuart Ayers, began a writers' workshop, which prompted the rector of the National University of Nicaragua to ask the State Department to send a visiting professor of journalism under the Smith-Mundt program to convert the workshop into a school of journalism. Except for the dailies *La Prensa* and *La Noticia,* Nicaraguan newspapers mainly dispense opinion, and the country needs trained newsmen. I was therefore especially pleased when I was appointed an exchange professor last summer.

Late last June, journalism students met at the school to elect a representative to the university's student federation. University rules require that each college or school have such a representative. Unfortunately, among the anti-Somoza faction of the students there were a few vocal anti-Yankees. This threw Ambassador Whelan into a panic. He made a call on the Somozas.

The journalism school was financed in part by the binational Nicaraguan-American Cultural Center, whose regulations forbid any type of political activity. With this rule as pretext, the school was thrown out of the National University. Dr. Fiallos Gil, the university rector, was held personally responsible by Ambassador Whelan when students on campus burned an American flag and an effigy of the ambassador to show their fierce opposition to the part the U.S. embassy had played in the expulsion. If he had not interfered, the pro-United States students might well have won the election.

I was still in Nicaragua last August when the United States finally broke with Dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. For the first time I heard kind words for the United States on the streets of Managua. Ambassador Whelan immediately dissipated the good will: he was the only diplomat in Managua

to go to the airport to bid a tearful good-by to Luis Logroño, retiring as Dominican ambassador to Nicaragua. A picture of Whelan embracing Logroño, which appeared in the August 27 issue of *La Prensa* of Managua, was widely circulated.

In July the U.S. government encouraged the World Bank to make a $12.5-million loan for a Nicaraguan hydroelectric agency. This multidam project to harness the Tuma, Viejo, and Matagalpa Rivers will benefit the Somoza dynasty, since the family owns most of the land involved. Although the loan was made in order to extend the country's electrical output for the Nicaraguan people, the Somoza-owned newspaper *Novedades* claimed that it "demonstrates United States moral approval of the Somoza administration."

Long before Whelan came to Managua, Nicaraguans were smarting under American support of conservative presidents. In 1912 the United States sent down Marines, and for more than two decades, Nicaragua remained a protectorate of Washington, with Marine-supervised national elections. The occupation ended briefly in 1925, but in less than a year the Marines were back to put down a new revolution. They did not leave for good until 1933. And even today an American, Thomas Downing, is Nicaraguan collector of customs. None of this has helped to make the Nicaraguan people our friends.

Anti-Somoza Nicaraguans range from Communists, rootless political adventurers, followers of Castro, and terrorists on one side to priests, Conservative Party landowners, idealistic students, and disgruntled businessmen on the other. The one thing they have in common at the moment, aside from hatred for the Somozas, is a dislike for the United States for what they think is our unquestioning support of the dictatorship. Every public utterance or action by Ambassador Whelan tends to reinforce their claim. He dismisses all these groups as Communists.

On July 23, 1959, four university students in León were shot down in cold blood for leading an anti-Somoza political rally. Ambassador Whelan issued a statement calling the young men Communists. An American priest, Father Mark Hurley of St. Paul's Catholic Church in San Francisco, gave the victims the last rites and declared that they were God-fearing practicing Catholics. In 1960 on the anniversary of the killings, students from high schools in various parts of Managua wore black ties. As police cuffed them with rifle butts, there were almost as many denouncements of Whelan as of the Somozas.

Dozens of students and young adults told me that as soon as arms can be obtained, the fighting will start. Already in recent years, several abortive revolts have erupted. One time it is the eastern jungle; the next time, the Honduran border; the next time, the Costa Rican border; the next—? Hardly a month passes without terrorist bombs exploding in the middle of Managua.

If the rebels are finally successful —and many Nicaraguans substitute the word "when" for "if"—the United States may well find itself as unpopular in Nicaragua as it is today in Cuba.

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A Book the Russians Would Like to Forget

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

THE STALINIST phase of Communist history, characterized by the centralization of power in Moscow and by monolithic ideological uniformity, now reposes in the ash can of history, to use one of Trotsky's favorite expressions. Today the Soviet Union, though still the acknowledged leader of the bloc, finds itself in a far more complex environment.

In the east, the Soviet Union is now faced by a Communist régime that came to power through its own efforts, and which is characterized by unprecedented cohesion in leadership. Of all the Communist powers, only China can claim that it met the leading "imperialist" nation in open combat and emerged, in part at least, victorious.

There is reason to believe that the initial strain in Sino-Soviet relations began soon after the first Soviet boasts of their ICBM superiority, in the fall of 1957. Ever since, the Chinese have been urging that this advantage should be used not to start a nuclear holocaust, as some interpreters would have it, but as a bludgeon to beat the "paper tiger" into one capitulation after another. Brinkmanship based on superior strength was and still is the Chinese recipe. Since 1957, however, other matters—the tempo and character of the domestic building of Communism, the exploitation of neutralism and revolutions abroad—have created further differences between the Soviet and Chinese leaders.

In the west, the Soviet Union is now faced by a group of Communist régimes still its dependents—with varying degrees of radicalism or moderation—and by one self-sufficient Communist state, Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia repeatedly asserts its right to interpret the doctrines of Marxism-Leninism according to its own lights, and it is Yugoslavia that the Chinese attack most violently in intramural conferences of the Communist nations. Similarly, Gomulka's Poland, the only Communist régime in Eastern Europe that can claim a modicum of popular support and has a relatively moderate program, views the bellicose gymnastics of the Chinese Communist leaders with the greatest suspicion. Some of the other Communist régimes, particularly those in East Germany and Bulgaria, seemed sympathetic at first with the Chinese, but subsequently they lined up with the Soviet Union on which they depend for survival. Only the Albanian régime held out—and earned warm Chinese gratitude.

Lenin's New Image

It is within this context that one should examine the recent statement on *Socialism and War* by Yugoslav Vice-President Edvard Kardelj, an eminent "ideologue" and former schoolteacher. He develops his thesis ponderously, but a thesis he has, and he unravels it within the framework of the ideology that guides the ruling elites of the vast territories stretching from the Elbe to Korea. Precisely for this reason, his little volume deserves our attention.

Noting that the Chinese objective is hegemony over the international Communist movement, Kardelj raises two basic questions: Are the present Chinese conceptions of international affairs derived from Marxism-Leninism? And where do these policies lead "objectively," irrespective of "subjective" Chinese intentions?

Quoting freely from Lenin, he proves to his satisfaction (although not altogether to this reader's) that if Lenin were alive today he would reject the Chinese view as unrealistic and badly suited to the times. Lenin emerges from this examination somewhat like a pragmatic moderate reformer with a marked distaste for violence. In addition, given the tremendous destructive capacity of modern weapons as well as the change in the relationship of forces between "imperialism" and "socialism," Kardelj dismisses the Chinese argument on the inevitability of war as essentially non-Marxist-Leninist: "Either the Chinese theoreticians believe that the relationship of forces in the world is such that imperialists not merely wish to impose war on the world, with prospects of winning, but are also capable of doing so; or the Chinese theoreticians consider that war is in the interests of socialism; that is to say, it is the 'revolutionary weapon' of socialism, and consequently the growth of the forces of socialism of itself makes war inevitable. In the first instance, overestimating the forces of imperialism, they deny their own theory about the 'paper tiger.' In the second they are venturing onto a very dangerous and very slippery road, which leads to the complete deformation of socialist international policy and of the relationship between the nations on the socialist road."

In view of these arguments, Kardelj charges that the Chinese assertion of an inevitable war can only lead to "the deliberate adoption by the socialist countries of the policy of a war of conquest." Such an "ultra-leftist" policy would provoke a series of negative consequences. First of all, it would drive away from the cause of Communism the progressive working class throughout the world. Second, its adoption would lead to "a fully developed bureaucratic étatism" (Kardelj's polite way of saying "Stalinism") within individual Communist states. Third, it would result in the imposition of "more backward political forms of socialism in much more developed social-economic circumstances, and in this way play a reactionary role." Fourth, contrary to the Chinese image of a postwar harmony, after such a war there would be new conflicts between the developed and underdeveloped parts of the world. Since the more developed Communist states would presumably bear the brunt of the destruction, the more advanced states (like the Soviet Union), rather than the primitive ones (like China), would be pushed backward in their historical development. Hence a war would be reactionary in terms of the internal affairs of Communist nations, in terms of relations among them, and

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in terms of general trends of present historical developments.

To Kardelj, the Chinese conception is particularly reprehensible because social-economic trends and such political developments as the collapse of colonialism favor the spread of "socialism" by peaceful means. He professes to see in the Chinese "pseudo leftism" strong parallels with Trotsky's views, which "history has cast . . . to oblivion for, in every aspect, practice has shown them to be wrong." However, Kardelj concedes that there are certain "objective" reasons for the extremism of Peking's outlook. He attributes its views to: (1) the American policy toward China; (2) the fact that "Even in the countries in which they are strong, the Communist Parties have not shown themselves capable of giving the working class any effective lead into an active fight against the anti-Chinese policy"; and (3) the interaction of Chinese domestic difficulties, including economic ones, with foreign tension. Kardelj is hopeful that in the long run a gradual change in these factors will lead the Chinese to change their views. In the meantime, he states it is the duty of every Communist to oppose them.

A Snarl from the Left

The Chinese response (and the Albanian) was violent and vituperative. Far more interesting, and perhaps more revealing, was the Soviet response.

Before examining the Soviet reaction in detail, however, we must consider still another dimension of the problem of Russia between East and West. The Soviet bloc, in the form we have become accustomed to over the last fifteen years, is probably near the limit of its expansion. With the possible exception of Laos and a few similar areas, there is little immediate likelihood of an expansion of Communist power through Soviet armed force to territories directly contiguous to the Soviet Union and China. At the same time, unprecedented opportunities may be opening up in the emergence of pseudo-Communist régimes, not contiguous to Soviet territory and not even formally Communist, but hewing to the Communist line in both domestic and external policy. "What's in a name?" one may be tempted to ask at some point when contemplating the character of the Cuban or Guinean régimes. Such régimes, the product of acute nationalism coupled with social and economic revolutions, may increasingly find the Marxist-Leninist interpretation of reality appealing. It is evident that the Soviet leadership is calculating that in time such countries will gravitate toward real Communism and that meanwhile their revolutionary pseudo Marxism should be encouraged. Consequently, the Soviet relationship with such régimes cannot be, as in Eastern Europe, that of domination but must be an intense courtship.

In this courtship the Eastern European régimes, representing more culturally and even socially developed nations, can play a crucial role. A Polish or Czech mission to Cuba or elsewhere tends to humanize the image of Soviet Communism. At the same time, however, less oppressive relations between the Soviet Union and these emerging pseudo-Marxist states outside the Communist orbit will inevitably be reflected in relations within the Communist bloc. It will become increasingly difficult for the Soviet Union to maintain its open domination of Warsaw, or even of Prague, when assiduously courting a would-be Communist régime in Havana or Conakry. The interplay may be further influenced by the emerging stalemate in Sino-Soviet relations.

Divergent Unity

Despite the Soviet unity formula adopted at the recent Moscow celebration, the very fact of Chinese independence, strengthened at some future point by Chinese nuclear power, tends to transform the "monolithic friendship" of the Soviets and the Chinese into a very complex relationship in which each partner retains the capacity for independent action and doctrinal disagreement. In the event of new and deeper conflicts, Moscow will have to rely on the support of other Communist Parties, and such reliance will help in turn to consolidate the post-Stalinist trends toward political decentralization. The Sino-Soviet relationship, therefore, can best be described as that of divergent unity, with the mutual and sincere emphasis on unity shielding persistent divergences.

Precisely because the Soviet leadership has already indicated its awareness that revolutionary opportunities in the future are likely to differ profoundly from those of the past, the Soviets cannot easily dismiss Kardelj's criticisms. The Yugoslav role within the camp has declined since the fateful days of 1956. But the Yugoslavs have succeeded in associating themselves with some of the neutralist nations and in popularizing their own type of "socialism" among them. The Soviet Union, if it is to encourage the emergence of revolutionary and initially pseudo-Marxist régimes, cannot afford to risk an open break with the Yugoslavs. Khrushchev's amiable conversations with Tito at the United Nations (in spite of Chinese attacks on the Yugoslav leader) evidence Soviet sensitivity on this point.

Yet to ignore Kardelj's charges was out of the question. No matter how intense the Sino-Soviet disagreement, both Moscow and Peking have made strenuous efforts to restrain the divergence in their unity, and a Soviet failure to react to Kardelj would have been a breach of the mutually recognized limits to their disagreement. In some ways, the publication of Kardelj's book has had a different result from the one he may have intended. While it may strengthen the anti-Chinese case of certain Communists and while it definitely has hurt the Chinese cause among the neutralist nations, it has also forced the Soviets to react violently in defense of the Chinese Communists, thereby in turn counterbalancing some of the divisive pressures generated within the alliance.

The open Soviet response came in the form of a *Pravda* article (September 2), entitled "Latest Revelations of a Revisionist." In no uncertain terms, it condemned the book as a betrayal of Marxism-Leninism since, according to *Pravda,* it alleges that "War is latent not only in the nature of imperialism but in the nature of the socialist countries as well." The article accuses Kardelj of stating that a Communist state may entertain notions of imposing its hegemony but of failing at the same time

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to condemn American imperialism for doing precisely that. The critique concludes: "Communists in all countries and the millions of people who are selflessly fighting for peace now know that the latest piece of slander against socialism bears the plainly visible stamp 'Made in Yugoslavia.' "

Moscow's Different Voices

However, the full measure of Moscow's reaction was revealed by the almost simultaneous publication of an article in the party's theoretical monthly, *Kommunist* (September, 1960), titled "The Leninist Theory of Socialist Revolution and Our Times." The main argument here was to reiterate that "the working class cannot conceive of the creation of a Communist civilization on the ruins of world centers of culture, on desolated land contaminated with thermonuclear fallout, which would be an inevitable consequence of such a war. For some peoples the question of socialism would in general cease to exist: they would physically vanish from the planet. It is thus clear that *a present-day nuclear war in itself can in no way be a factor that would accelerate revolution and bring the victory of socialism closer.* On the contrary, it would hurl mankind, the world revolutionary workers' movement, and the cause of the building of socialism and Communism back by many decades." (The italics are *Kommunist's.*) One notes how closely some of these arguments parallel Kardelj's. Perhaps the same thought occurred to the Soviet writers, for the article ends with a sudden and otherwise unrelated attack on him.

Taken together, the *Pravda* response to Kardelj and the *Kommunist* article can be viewed as a premeditated effort by Moscow to maintain a centrist position against the right and left extremes. That is good tactics. But these responses also suggest a more profound dilemma haunting the Communist leaders—namely, the increasing momentum and entrenchment of divergent views within the international Communist movement. To the extent that this forces Moscow to speak with different voices, to ignore or slur over (since it cannot suppress) differing concepts elsewhere—today in Peking and Belgrade and tomorrow perhaps in Havana or Conakry—it also sets in motion the *relativization* of the ideology both at home and abroad. In some ways, such a development might make Communism more attractive and more dynamic in the present period of world-wide revolutionary change. A Communism that tolerates pluralism can be more appealing and can therefore spread more easily. At the same time, a relativist ideology may not be able to serve so effectively to maintain the legitimacy of the dictatorship of the Communist Party within the Soviet Union. Furthermore, the projection of ideological diversity among the Communist capitals could become the first stage in the actual erosion of the ideology itself. It would be extremely difficult to maintain zealous conviction in a doctrine which is only right in some places and at some times and only for some people.

Kardelj's volume may thus be a symptom of a long-range historical process that the Communist movement cannot succeed in evading. Of the various means the Communist leaders might employ to slow down or possibly reverse such a gradual process of internal decay, the most effective would be to score a series of spectacular international successes. For this reason, only a resolute response to Communism can strengthen those within the Communist movement who warn against war and against excessive risks. Only by firmness can the United States refute the Chinese argument of "a paper tiger."

Firmness and aggressiveness, however, are two different things, even if to a Communist they often look alike. The challenge facing the new administration in Washington is to make this difference easier for the world to perceive.

The Odds Against Gaitskell

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

London

The voters of six British constituencies went to the polls on November 16 to fill vacancies in the House of Commons that had recently been caused by death or retirement. It happened that they were spread fairly evenly across the country and consisted of two urban, two suburban, and two rural areas. Since the weather was vile even for an English November the total poll was low, but the distribution of the votes went a long way to confirm the fear that the two-party system in Britain is heading for temporary disintegration.

Comparing last month's vote with that of the general election thirteen months before, in the four of the six constituencies where all three major parties ran candidates, the Conservatives' share dropped 5 per cent, that of the Liberals rose 11.9 per cent, and Labour declined by 7.1 per cent. Indeed, in four of the six contests the Liberals drove Labour to the bottom of the poll. These figures cannot be made to form the basis of any prophecy that the Liberals are about to replace Labour as the principal opposition party in Parliament, for British electoral arithmetic does not work that way and the voters are much freer with protest votes at by-elections than in a general election. But as the first real test of public opinion since Labour's public dogfight at its annual conference at Scarborough in October, it is an indication of the tarnished public image of the party. "We now give the impression of being unfit to govern," was the most cheerful comment that R. H. S. Crossman, the party's chairman, could make.

Nor was this the only event of a wet week to dampen the spirits of the Labour Party's leaders. A day earlier, the miners from the narrow Welsh valleys of Aneurin Bevan's old seat, Ebbw Vale, had returned Michael Foot to Parliament by an overwhelming majority. This gives the cruelest critic of party leader Hugh Gaitskell—and one of the most brilliant polemicists since Jonathan Swift—a position from which he can directly influence and perhaps lead the dissident left wing of the party;

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on many issues the left wing can now muster the support of nearly a third of the 254 Labour members in the Commons.

Three-Way Split

Political prophecy is an unwise game, but at this moment one can work on only one hypothesis: that the British Left lies shattered in three pieces, each incapable of absorbing the others, with the inevitable corollary that Tory rule will continue into the indefinite future. There is the fundamentalist wing of the Labour Party, the old Bevanites, reinforced by those who believe in neutralism and a unilateral renunciation of Britain's military alliances; this group is now almost certain to operate as an independent party in Parliament and possibly in the country as well. There is the official Labour Party, too hamstrung by party tradition and bureaucracy to become a moderate revisionist party or to enter into any coalition with the Liberals. Finally, there are the Liberals themselves, in many ways more modern in outlook than the other two groups but unable to convert their growing public support into an equivalent proportion of parliamentary seats.

Could this unhappy and potentially dangerous state of affairs have been averted? Nothing, one must concede, could have prevented the last few years from being a period of great difficulty for the Labour Party: Britain has become a high-consumption materialist society with a blurring of the older class loyalties and increasingly glittering prizes for those who could climb to the "room at the top." Moreover, with the disappearance of genuine economic issues as the pivot of political dialectic, it was inevitable that the bundle of different interests that the early Labour leaders so deftly tied together into one political force should come apart. Over the last generation the party has succeeded in uniting four different groups under one banner: first, the trade unions (of which Ernest Bevin was the ideal leader), distrustful of intellectual leadership, conservative by instinct, primarily interested in economic issues, favoring nationalization as simplifying the process of collective bargaining; second, the old nonconformist or fundamentalist vote (personified by Aneurin Bevan), the heirs of a still older tradition of puritan moral protest, and united with the trade unionists only because economic evils were the chief sources of moral outrage in Britain; third, the middle-class idealists, exemplified by a man like Philip Noel-Baker, as much interested in foreign as in domestic affairs, who voted Socialist because they had lost faith in liberal solutions; and fourth, the intellectuals, equally idealist but also impelled by a belief in their own powers of imposing order and efficiency on society —a Stafford Cripps or a Gaitskell.

The Fumbled Issue

The party's campaign in the general election of October, 1959, was an attempt to assert that economic issues—nationalization, pensions, housing—were still paramount in British politics, and that the Socialists had a more satisfactory answer than the Tories. It failed on two counts: the voters were unimpressed with the Socialist case on economic questions; and furthermore they were more interested in non-economic issues anyway. (The most scholarly postelection survey showed voters putting issues of world peace and the prevention of nuclear war far ahead of prosperity and fair shares.) The root of today's troubles lies in the fact that the Labour Party's leadership recognized only the first and not the second defect in the party's image. Throughout last winter and spring Gaitskell fought a dogged battle to get the party's constitution revised in order to soften the emphasis on nationalization and to pave the way for a more reformist and pragmatic approach. The attempt foundered in March as the result of an alliance between the trade unionists and the fundamentalists, the one too lazy and the other too narrow to engage in the arduous task of converting the Labour Party from a Socialist to a Social Democratic party; they were also united by a dislike of the supposed intellectual arrogance of Gaitskell's friends C. A. R. Crosland, Roy Jenkins, Douglas Jay, and others who make up the so-called "Hampstead set."

Once Gaitskell had shown in March that he would meekly accept a setback of this magnitude without either resigning or hanging, drawing, and quartering all those who resisted him, it was quite certain that the challenge to his leadership would grow. But it had no sooner become apparent that Gaitskell would have great difficulty in holding his party together than it became equally clear that the challenge would not come on economic but on defense policy. Harold Macmillan, as responsive to "the winds of change" at home as abroad, made certain that it did not come on colonial policy, on which the Labour Party could easily have achieved unity, by appointing dynamic young Iain Macleod Colonial Secretary to speed the pace of colonial development and reform. On the government's other weak flank, its vacillating attitude toward Europe, Macmillan knew he had little to fear from Labour because of the

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trade unions' profound distrust of all things continental. The main issue, clearly, had to be defense.

BRITAIN is becoming more and more vulnerable as the Soviet missile potential grows; it is becoming more dependent on the United States as weapons systems become more complex; it is allied with a number of countries, some of doubtful intentions; and its defense budget is high. Thus the evolution of an alternative defense policy to that of the Macmillan government was not only long overdue but was potentially an issue on which the Labour Party could unite in effective opposition. The present policy of maintaining a theoretically independent deterrent based on Britain, accepting SAC bases under a rather ill-defined system of dual control as well as the vulnerable and provocative Thor missile bases, creates uneasiness irrespective of party affiliation. NATO raises the hackles of the trade unionists; the American dominance outrages the fundamentalists, who really dislike the United States not so much for its power as for its glossiness; the desire to make headway with disarmament makes the despairing idealists anxious to see Britain renounce its own nuclear weapons; and the expense of defense irritates the planners.

Until last summer Gaitskell and his colleagues had a great opportunity to establish moral and intellectual ascendancy in this field. They could have questioned the validity of the concept of the independent British nuclear deterrent, evolved a constructive scheme for directing the British defense effort toward a greater emphasis on conventional forces, and demanded a radical overhaul of the machinery of NATO and a more imaginative approach to the problems of arms control.

But they did nothing of the kind. Defense is a subject that Gaitskell, trained as an economist, has always found boring, and he has left party policy in the hands of his experts, who are in many aspects more right-wing than the Tories. Irritated beyond endurance by the pacifists in their own party, they had committed the party to the support of not only the independent deterrent but also of an independent missile program, until the Macmillan government left them in the lurch last February by abandoning the latter. By the time the party leadership had got around to revising its position later in the summer, calling for abandonment of the independent deterrent and concentration on conventional forces, the hunt for Gaitskell's head was on, led by a unique combination of isolationist trade-union men, fundamentalists, and idealists. Gaitskell, with his back to the wall at the party conference in October, was forced to make the first moving and fiery speech of his career—in defense of NATO and collective security.

A BREAKDOWN in leadership sometimes has the advantage of revealing exactly what forces are at work in the body politic. Because of the curious and unrepresentative constitution of the Labour Party, which gives a few influential trade-union leaders the power to cast millions of votes for issues on which

they have not consulted their rank and file, the fact that the party conference voted in favor of unilateral renunciation of British nuclear weapons and closing down American bases in Britian means little in terms of national sentiment. According to an opinion survey conducted by the Labour *Daily Herald* at the end of September, only fifteen per cent of Labour supporters favor renunciation of British nuclear weapons if the Russians and the Americans keep them, and only seven per cent are genuinely pacifist in the sense of wanting both America and Britain to renounce nuclear weapons even if Russia does not.

What is much more revealing about the future of the British Left is the conjunction of forces that brought about the conference vote against Gaitskell by the party and later produced eighty-one dissenting votes out of 254 when he was re-elected leader by the Labour M.P.s. It was a conjunction of the old Bevanite, fundamentalist, anti-American vote, aided by a new isolationist element—a section of the trade-union leadership led by Frank Cousins of the Transport and General Workers. "Why should we bother with all these foreigners when we have been quite safe before without them?" is their uniting theme. To this was added a segment of the idealists who would carve out for Britain a new role as a sort of India of the West—the leader of the uncommitted nations white and black, the wise mediator between two power-crazed giants.

A Left-Wing Suez?

A great deal of contemporary British politics can be explained in terms of Britain's decline in status as a great power.

Suez constituted the great rebellion of the Right in Britain against the facts of history and of nature. One can argue, I think, that the Labour Party's debate of the last twelve months represents the same process at work, naturally in a different form, on the Left. The unilateralists and the Aldermaston marchers, like the Suez Tories, insist that Britain still has the power to change its destiny at will. One interesting illustration of this is the almost identical language, and sometimes identical writers, used to make insinuations about American policy and leadership in such anti-Gaitskell papers of the Left as *Tribune* and the *New Statesman* and in the chauvinist right-wing papers such as the *Daily Express.*

Gaitskell will work unceasingly throughout the next year to get the party's vote on unilateralism reversed. Probably he will be successful, for already some of the union executives who allowed block votes to be cast for what was in effect a policy of isolationism have been having shamefaced second thoughts. The 160 Labour M.P.s who voted him into the leadership have rallied strongly to his support, and he commands more sympathy and affection

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in adversity than he ever did in his heyday. But few can believe that he has much future as a national leader, even if the eighty M.P.s who voted against his leadership do not form a separate party. He has displayed what would be a virtue in most political parties but is considered a cardinal sin in the Labour Party: a desire to dominate party opinion rather than follow it. Even worse, he has shown that he lacks the personal ruthlessness of a Roosevelt or a Churchill, of a Macmillan or perhaps a Kennedy; that he will complain about his enemies rather than smite them hip and thigh. In consequence he seems condemned to have the worst of both worlds. If he survives for the time being, it will largely be for lack of an alternative. His only potential rival, Harold Wilson, has a nebulous personality, while the other prominent figures in the Labour Party are for the most part too young or too old.

The effects of Labour's disarray are not confined to its own ranks. To many foreign observers the debates on unilateralism have given the impression that Britain is going neutralist and they may come to regard it, unjustifiably, as the weak link in any chain of resistance to Soviet blackmail, on Berlin or elsewhere. Just as in the 1930's, a free-wheeling public debate, really generated by quite different sources of antagonism, may confuse friend and foe alike.

EQUALLY IMPORTANT is the corrupting effect that the lack of a united and effective opposition is having upon the government. The second Macmillan government, elected a year ago, lacks the dynamic of its predecessor in every area of public policy except colonial questions. There is hardly any challenge in Parliament to the weakness of its basic economic policy, to its failure to make any headway in evolving a better relationship with the European Six or to put forward any constructive thought on military and political evolution of NATO. I recently heard a cabinet minister who does not subscribe to all his leader's views say that for the time being the Tories must provide not only the government but their own opposition as well.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Ride in an Indian Ricksha

ROBIN WHITE

I SET MY SUITCASE down in front of a betel shop and ordered a wad. The shop was no more than a lean-to constructed of old weathered boards, the interior lined with neat rows of cigarettes, box matches, brightly colored bottled soda, and a multitude of things hanging from the ceiling. There was a board shelf across the front. The proprietor, a boy of about eighteen, sat cross-legged behind the shelf, looking out over a huge stack of betel leaf and an array of glass jars.

In response to my order he flicked two leaves from the stack, snapped the stems, rinsed each leaf in a clay pot of water, dabbed on white lime and pinches of stuff from the jars, rolled the whole mass together into a cone, and folded the top down and pinned it with a clove—all before I had time to dig the change from my pocket.

I paid for the wad and, much to the delight of the audience of small fry I had collected, proceeded to chew it. I have always enjoyed betel. It kills hunger, sweetens the breath, and prevents cavities and indigestion. In fact I didn't even know what tooth decay was until I went to America and had to substitute gum and soft drinks for betel. The children wagged their heads and grinned appreciatively: I was an odd one, all right. I grinned back, red juice dribbling from my mouth, and tried hailing a passing jutka. It went right by.

One of the boys stepped out into the street and whistled shrilly. In response, several jutkas now appeared —also a cycle ricksha. For a moment there was some confusion as to which vehicle I should accept. I put my suitcase into the cycle ricksha.

"286 Mandapam Road," I said. "How much? *Yenna villai?*"

The man promptly replied one rupee, but the children all yelled at him and the price was, after a great display of outraged resistance, reduced to four annas.

I nodded my approval, got in, and the cycle ricksha moved off. The children ran along beside and behind me, waving and calling, "Good evening, good night, good morning, good day."

I waved back, shouting *"Vanakkam, salaam, namaskaram, thothiram."*

In a moment we turned a corner, picked up speed downhill, and the children were left behind.

Riding in horse-drawn vehicles has

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always made me uneasy, my sympathies being with the beast that labored so I could relax. Riding in a cycle ricksha, with a human beast straining while I sat back in conspicuous comfort, I felt not only uneasy but ashamed. I could hardly bear to look about me, and after a moment I understood why: the thought would not leave me that I was participating in the degradation of another human being.

I slumped down in my seat. The city, it seemed to me, was overrun with people who labored heavily for little or no return: women carrying huge loads on their heads, moving with a frantic, bent-knee stride; lean black men—naked except for cloth twisted about their loins—struggling with heads lowered to pull carts so weighed down that the axles groaned; old men and women breaking rock; nursing mothers pounding grain, or spreading it to dry in the road; boys hauling kerosene tins of hot tar; somber, sore-eyed children picking over refuse; horribly mutilated beggars crawling from door to door. People paused as I rode by to stare at me with mute haggard expressions.

These were the images and expressions that memory had suppressed, that night had obscured, that the harsh light of day now revealed with agonizing clarity—a clarity that made me unpleasantly aware that I had in my wallet roughly five hundred dollars, or 2,500 rupees, in traveler's checks and cash, while the ricksha man who carried me was exhausting himself for four annas, a nickel, making of what I had in my pocket not just a certain sum of money but several years of a man's life. This disparity between us existed, I thought, not so much because of what man had been reduced to here in India but because of what he had risen to in America—risen to and taken for granted, risen to so thoroughly that his origin, this dust from which he came and to which he would return, had been forgotten, so that he lost all sight of what he really was: lucky. Lucky beyond historical comparison. Lucky to the point of physical and intellectual weakness, to the point where he abused himself with too much luxury, calling it necessity, and believed the outrageous fiction that anyone less well off must have something inherently wrong with him, some form of generic disease, some racial inferiority. He could not bear to look upon the reality of things outside his social island without posturing as a superior being or wilting, as was I, in a ricksha.

GRADUALLY I found myself studying the ricksha man with a curious, sickening fascination—as if I watched an execution. I saw that he was not old but young, with dirty matted hair, his coarse skin deep-blackened, almost ash-blue, from exposure to the sun. Sweat ran down his lean, pinched back in great beads;

his soiled dhoti and the hair behind his ears were soaked; dust adhered to the cracked leather of his legs. He smelled bad. I noticed with particular attention the prominence of his jawbones, the way they stuck out like gills, the depression of neck on either side jerking with each violent thump of his heart. I was aware that, like someone dying of old age, he was slowly wasting away, expending with every ride a little more than he received. The sight of him—the sounds and odors of his exertion—both nauseated me and moved me to compassion; and when at length, breathing heavily, he pulled up along the curb, I felt somehow guilty and obliged to absolve myself by giving him first the four annas agreed upon and then the rupee he had initially demanded.

A wide variety of people are inclined to mistake generosity for stupidity. The ricksha man was one of these. He accepted the money without gratitude and promptly insisted on more. It was too late to remedy my mistake or indulge in the futility of argument. I took my suitcase from the ricksha and walked grimly away. To my consternation he hurried after me.

"Sar! Sar!" he called indignantly, palms extended.

When he saw that I was embarrassed, he interpreted this as a sign of weakness, threw the money at my feet, and began screaming that I had cheated him. Immediately a stocky, well-dressed man stopped me with the point of his umbrella and asked me in bad English, Had I no mercy for this poor man? Did I not have wealth enough without cheating Indians?

There is a vast difference between those who argue for a point and those who argue because they have nothing else to do. The stocky man appeared to belong to the latter category. He brandished his umbrella at me and carried on at great length, uninterested, as far as I could ascertain, either in my protestations or in the ricksha man. A crowd gathered.

I tried to explain what had happened but could not make myself understood. It seemed senseless to persist. I paid the ricksha man another rupee—to no avail: the stocky man continued his tirade uninterrupted.

AT THAT POINT a Moslem storekeeper came down from his shop and intervened on my behalf. It took him a few minutes to calm the stocky man and restore order, and then in English he asked what my trouble was. I felt obliged for my own sanity to begin from the beginning. I told him that I had taken a ricksha from near the bus depot, that the ricksha man had agreed to a fare of four annas but that I had felt sorry for him and had added a rupee, that the ricksha man had then demanded more, and that the man with the umbrella had excited everyone to the point where I was forced to give the cheat another rupee. The Moslem relayed this information to the crowd, getting angry with the stocky man for not minding his own busi-

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ness. The stocky man began beating the ricksha man with his umbrella, and the ricksha man promptly departed with his take.

The stocky man became very emotional. "Please not to think unkindly of we Indians," he said. "We are a poor people, but we have our morals." And with that he hurried off, tears in his eyes.

"Best for you in the future," the Moslem advised me, "simply to pay the agreed price, no more. Foolish generosity cannot be really generosity but only foolishness, isn't it?"

When it is difficult to say what you think, I've always found it prudent to agree or say nothing at all. I agreed heartily with the Moslem and thanked him for his assistance.

"No mention," he said. "From what part of the States do you hail?"

"The east coast," I said.

"West coast is better, don't you think?" he said. "Myself, I trained at Cal." And with that he saluted and returned to his shop.

A few took his departure as a signal to leave. The rest crowded about me with undisguised curiosity, asking where I was from, how old was I, was I married, and what was I doing in the city. One man pointed to my trousers and rubbed his fingers together. I thought he wanted to know how much they cost and told him a fictitious price.

"No, sar," he said. "What cloth?" I thought twice about telling him Dan River Wrinkle-shed and finally settled on *puthu-tuni*—new cloth.

His face lit up. "Ah, du Pont weave," he said.

I saw that he wanted to touch the fabric and made the mistake of inviting him to do so. Immediately I felt myself being touched from all sides, some pinches being intended not to investigate the cloth at all but what the cloth concealed.

"Potham," I said, "enough," and picked up my suitcase.

WITH DIFFICULTY I made my way through the crowd. I was obliged to stop every few feet and nod and say *"vanakkam"* to the many people who salaamed to me. I was feeling rather grand and thinking I ought to run for vice-president or something, when I overheard someone ask in Tamil who I was and receive an answer: "USIA buffoon."

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

FUNNY: we used to think the bums in *The Iceman Cometh* a seamy lot, but after glancing at O'Neill's assortment of human wreckage on WNTA-TV's "The Play of the Week," not long after evenings spent at *Period of Adjustment* and *Advise and Consent,* I found them strangely appealing. Pitiable, self-pitying, useless, and foolish, perhaps, with the human spark burning low; but their failure in a sense spoke well of them: they were not tough enough to win.

The really ugly Americans were on stage and in hits. And it is ironic, for one who wished Tennessee Williams would turn his great talents away from the drama of shock and perversion, to now regret that he has. You may have read that his latest play is a "charming romantic comedy," "full of laughs," about two ill-mated young couples in a Spanish-type bungalow, but I can assure you it is not. It is an attenuated one-acter about two youngish ex-war buddies who have never grown out of their preoccupation with tough, adolescent sex talk and who are each in their own way singularly free of tempering intelligence, wit, or sympathy. One, Bates (James Daly), has married a homely rich girl whom he has cured, too well for his comfort, of frigidity; the other, Haverstick (Robert Webber), is a rangy boor whose psychotic tendencies, triggered in Korea, exhibit themselves in the "shakes" and the need to booze up before sexual performance. As the curtain rises, Bates's wife has walked out on him because he threw up his job, and Haverstick has walked out on his little nitwit Southern nurse-bride of a night because she spurned his advances. Eventually the couples are reunited, the Bateses in one of their twin beds (the one with HIS on the cover), the Haversticks on the living-room convertible; and we have every reason to believe that their adjustments will be not only periodic but confined to a horizontal position.

In between, the men horse around with toys (it is Christmas Eve) and clinical sex talk that makes the he-men in the audience snigger and shocked women titter (few of the laughs are hearty), and we are treated to a pair of grotesquely caricatured rich parents-in-law and two wives who—because they are drawn with some understanding and tenderness and played superbly by Barbara Baxley and Rosemary Murphy—engage the interest. But because Miss Murphy as the awkward and ardent Dorothea Bates enters late in the last act, the play's only solid pleasure is the little Haverstick bride, immensely appealing and funny because Williams has written her part with a flawless ear for that special kind of bewilderment and illogic, that helpless garrulity and yearning confusion, which thrives, it seems, in so many feminine Southern breasts. When Miss Baxley is on stage, the air of the Helen Hayes Theatre is free of the kind of colloquial squalor that passes for comedy there.

The program of *Period of Adjustment* is prefaced by a little verse, unattributed: "For tenderness I would lay down/The weapon that holds death away/But little words of tenderness/Are those I never learned to say." Neither Isabel nor Dorothea will ever hear them if they stick with those guys.

ANYONE who has read *Advise and Consent* will not expect tenderness from Loring Mandel's adaptation. But he will get everything the book had to say—performed, directed, and set magnificently in a tempo that commands involvement and waylays thought. Everyone in it is good: Ed Begley as the die-hard Orrin Knox, Richard Kiley as the betrayed young Senator Anderson, Henry Jones as the sly old Southern fox Seab Cooley—everyone communicates the tension, the sense of ominous urgency, that made the nomination of a hypothetical future Secretary of State of vital concern and the book an addiction even to

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its critics. But its contraction for the exigencies of theater throws into high relief those elements which made Allen Drury's novel deeply disturbing to many. Neither Senator Knox's noble closing statements nor Senator Anderson's honor nor the defeat of demagogue van Ackerman's tactics (Kevin McCarthy) is enough to redeem the ugliness of the means by which the American government's ends are supposed to be justified. This is democracy by deal: not New Deal or Fair Deal but dirty deal, and we are asked to believe that the compromise and concession without which admittedly no measure of popular government can be achieved include blackmail, theft, dishonesty, and double cross on the highest levels. Beyond that, and perhaps even more important, is the result of Mr. Drury's attempt to shuffle familiar ingredients of our recent political past so that partisan outlines are blurred. A President who is part F.D.R. and part Harry Truman and who looks like a Republican chairman of the board is simply not a valid President because he makes no sense as a human being. As for the reckless and insolent demagogue van Ackerman, by making him *for* something—appeasement of the Soviet Union—Drury forgets that rabble rousers rouse by being *against* something, by fomenting the negative emotions of fear, hatred, and revenge. Demagogues are reactionary simply because they react, and putting a "liberal" cap on a McCarthy again makes no sense in human terms. A man like that can be a Communist—which van Ackerman isn't—but by his very nature not a liberal.

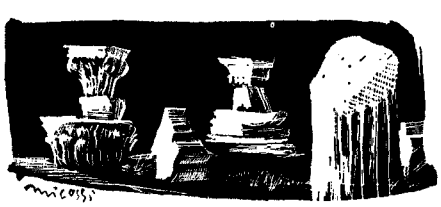
You can't have it both ways—though the royalties Mr. Drury and Mr. Mandel are amassing might argue the contrary.

UGLY AMERICANS have been the subject of two of the series given by a new young man on television, Dr. Albert Burke, who at eight on Sunday nights offers *A Way of Thinking* on WNEW-TV (Channel 5). If you need reassurance as to the human condition, listen to him, for he shows how one intelligent, courageous, and articulate man can shed light on the small screen of men's minds. With the judicious use of film, Dr. Burke has so far examined Castro's Cuba; "Brain Power: The Battle Between Communism and Democracy"; and Americans in Asia in a manner wonderfully fresh to television in that it is neither reporting nor editorializing but a union of both, made whole by a strong and healthy sense of values. Dr. Burke, a former director of graduate studies at Yale, is that rarity, a most gifted teacher: young enough to share and old enough to impart what he knows —and entertain, at that.

Art for Christmas

HILTON KRAMER

DOES the deluge of art books that now pours forth from the publishers every year, particularly in anticipation of Christmas sales, represent an enrichment of our cultural life or only another easy substitute for a genuine experience of art? The question is more difficult to answer than might appear at first glance. Art-book publishing is now a thriving international industry. Many of the more lavish volumes are printed in Europe (Holland, Switzerland, and Germany seem to produce the most impressive), and are brought out simultaneously in American and European editions. As objects of book manufacture and commercial color printing, they are often handsome and at times dazzling—but it is precisely on this score, in confronting the glossy physical beauty of such books, that one begins to have some doubts about their ultimate value. Is art itself ever quite as glossy as it is represented in art books? Has perhaps the craft of the display man and the merchandising agent been subtly introduced into the art book as a way of "strengthening" the visual appeal of the artists' work? Such questions linger in the mind even as volume after volume comes to hand and dispenses its quota of visual delight. For art books *do* give pleasure; the problem they pose is that of defining the exact relation in which this particular kind of aesthetic pleasure stands to a firsthand experience of real works of art.



The skepticism that is first aroused by the physical glossiness of most art books is often made more acute by a reading of their written texts. Whereas the quality of the plates in the more expensive and widely advertised art books can generally be assumed to range from good to excellent, the same cannot be said of their literary content. As a rule the writing is indifferent where it is not simply preposterous. The only conceivable defense for such texts is that they are not intended to be read, but of course the route of that argument would return the whole matter once again to the domain of the display man who also needs his quota of type matter for an effective layout.

DOUBTLESS there are many reasons for this discrepancy between the visual and physical quality of art books and their literary nullity, but surely the most crucial has to do with the audience for which they are produced. This audience—to judge by the kind of writing that appears in most art books—is not highbrow in any sense. It is not very well educated, and its standard of literary culture is low. It is an audience familiar with names but not with ideas. It is, in short, part of the middlebrow stream in its shallower and mossier reaches. This would scarcely be worth remarking if it were not for the fact that the level of artistic accomplishment with which the major art-book publishers are concerned is so very high. Thus, the puzzling fragmentation of culture which is said to characterize modern civilization at large may be seen, in this example, to obtain at the higher as well as the lower altitudes. A cultivated and even complex interest in visual art does not,

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it seems, imply any comparable interest in or sensibility for literary culture. In this respect the art (and the art-book) audience bears a closer resemblance to the musical record-collecting public than to the audience for highbrow literature.

If one turns to a selection of the new art books this season, the special qualities as well as the characteristic defects show themselves clearly. Moreover, a glance at the list of new titles reveals something else: the almost unbelievable repetition of subjects. Into a market already flooded with books on Picasso, Klee, and Chagall, for example, come still more volumes devoted to their work —or at least to their names—while one looks in vain for a single comprehensive survey of Bonnard or Max Beckmann or many other artists of comparable rank. This season we have two elegant additions to the Chagall shelf: *The Lithographs of Chagall* (George Braziller, $25) and *Drawings for the Bible by Marc Chagall* (Harcourt, Brace, $30). Both are printed in France; both contain good-quality reproductions of Chagall's black-and-white work. The color plates in both books are aesthetically inferior, but this is not primarily the fault of the printers. Chagall himself has maintained a higher artistic standard in his late black-and-white work than in his painting, and some of the sentimental vulgarity of his late painting inevitably shows up in the colored drawings and lithographs reproduced in these volumes. Of the two, the book of *Lithographs* strikes one as more valuable both as a reference and as an aesthetic pleasure, for it covers Chagall's development in this genre from the early 1920's down to 1957. The *Drawings for the Bible* were all done in 1958-1959, and thus give a more circumscribed view of Chagall's accomplishment as a graphic artist.

Picasso turns up on this season's list in elegant format too. There are now so many books on Picasso that new additions to the immense literature on the subject must, if they are not completely serious (which few art books are), be mere valentines for the artist's legend. *Picasso in Antibes* (Pantheon, $20) is such a valentine, but a rather more engaging example than one usually finds in works of this sort. The book is beautifully printed (in Great Britain) and includes, besides excellent reproductions of the drawings, paintings, and ceramics that Picasso has done in Antibes since the war, photographs of the Musée d'Antibes, which is actually the Musée Picasso. The long text by Dor de la Souchère, director of the museum, is better than average, and the book itself forms the official catalogue of the Picasso collection over which the author presides. As an example of bookmaking, it is a small masterpiece, but as it dwells exclusively on the least interesting period of Picasso's long career, it cannot escape being an extravagant triviality.

A far more valuable introduction to Picasso's life and work, if also a

less impressive one physically, is the *Picasso* of Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard. First published in this country by Praeger four years ago, it was already a bargain in its original hard-cover edition at $5, and it has now been reissued by the same firm in a paperback edition for $2.95. But in speaking of it, one crosses the border into that tiny outpost where art books can actually be *read*. Before we go on to speak of what else can be found in that lonely place, two more items on the gift-shop counter had better be mentioned.

Surely the giftiest book of the season is a confection called *The Artist in His Studio* (Viking Press, $17.50), by Alexander Liberman, the art director of *Vogue*, who is also known as a photographer and painter. It consists of photographs, both in color and black and white, of the most famous European artists of our day together with some reproductions of their work and, in the case of artists no longer living, of their studios as they left them. As a professional layout man, Mr. Liberman knows the value of a page of type; thus there are written commentaries. To have one's understanding of art confined to a book of this sort, or even touched by it, would be equivalent to confining one's diet to a box of chocolates. It might be a source of energy for a while, but sooner or later one's stomach would take a bad turn and all one's teeth would fall out.

A similar judgment must be made on Raymond Nacenta's *School of Paris* (New York Graphic Society, $25), which, though far more serious than the Liberman book, comes off on about the same level. Dealing with painters both famous and little known in Paris from 1910 to the present, it owes its sole interest to the abundance of its fine color plates (printed in Holland). The long text is a collection of historical and art-writing clichés, which, at this stage in the popularity of modern art, can only have mischievous results. The biographical dictionary at the end is next to worthless, and as icing for so much stale cake there are historical charts tracing the development of "isms" and artists in full color.

If I had to choose two art books out of the dozens that have been published this season, my own selections would be *Rembrandt as a Draughtsman,* by Otto Benesch (Phaidon Books, distributed by Doubleday; $5.95), and *Monet,* by William C. Seitz (Harry N. Abrams, $15). Dr. Benesch's little book on Rembrandt's drawings is a masterpiece. Its reproductions (printed in Great Britain) bring one closer to the quality and the "feel" of the originals than any other art book I know, and the book itself is a gem of British typographical design. Moreover, Dr. Benesch's essay on Rembrandt's development as a draughtsman is written with great lucidity and historical tact. It is the work of a serious art historian who is also an expert analyst of the art of drawing and a writer of quiet skill. One would like to see more books on this order

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of intelligence—and similarly priced.

The quality of Mr. Seitz's *Monet* is not exactly a surprise, for it has been preceded by the excellent Monet exhibition he organized for the Museum of Modern Art last spring and the brilliant catalogue he provided for that occasion. The new book enlarges upon the subject and provides a more comprehensive account of the life and work of a painter who seems to inspire in Mr. Seitz some of the same delicacy of perception he commanded in his own work. There are very few books on modern painters that are both so well informed and so well written. The plates (printed in Germany) are very good, and the book is a valuable addition to Abrams's "Library of Great Painters" series, which has generally upheld a high standard in both its plates and its texts.

A BOOK that one might have expected to put beside these two fine works, Kenneth Clark's *Looking at Pictures* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $10), has turned out to be disappointing. Mr. Clark is one of the finest writers on the visual arts in the language, and his works on *The Nude* and *Landscape Painting* are justly esteemed. *Looking at Pictures* scarcely measures up to the quality of his past work, however. Originally written as a series of articles for the London *Sunday Times,* it deals very briefly with masterworks by Rembrandt, Titian, Leonardo, Courbet, Seurat, and other great painters, and might better have been called "Masterpieces Without Tears." Sitting down to a book of this sort after Dr. Benesch's essay on Rembrandt, one sees quickly enough what it is that one wants, ideally, from an art book: an instrument that will equip our minds for an experience of the real thing, the work of art itself. Clark's book provides not an instrument but a demonstration; its only contribution (and slight at that) is to show us how he responds to paintings. It doesn't provide enough substance for us to have a response of our own. Still, even a demonstration is preferable to the setting up of substitutes, and it is the effort to make the glossier books mentioned here substitute for the work of art itself that creates all the more respect for these last three titles—Clark included.

BOOKS

Youth Is a Pressure Group

ALFRED KAZIN

GROWING UP ABSURD, by Paul Goodman. *Random House. $4.50.*

In the book that first made him famous, Albert Camus spoke of the sense of the absurd that colors modern life for so many people nowadays, and identified it with the punishment of Sisyphus, who laboriously pushed a stone uphill only to see it roll down again. Camus's fable, based on Nietzsche's pronouncement that "God is dead," was really a complaint, such as naturally visionary intellectuals have been making since the eighteenth century, that with the grand mystery of supernatural religion taken out of life,

the dimension of the unexpected had been taken out of life. But nowadays an equally painful predictability or ennui is commonplace among individuals whose material aims, at least, have been abundantly fulfilled, and who in the absence of any other positive social ideals for themselves find themselves paying a bitter price in boredom and exasperation of spirit for the materialism of their outlook. They have achieved a paltry goal that hardly expresses their longing as human beings. As a result, their secret ambition seems to them infinite and more frightening than it really is; they simply have no social tool or language to put it to. And still aiming at what they have already achieved, they understandably feel frustrated, and therefore "absurd" to themselves.

The great merit of Paul Goodman's book on "the problems of youth in the organized system" is that he is concerned constantly with human nature as it is frustrated by the society in which we actually live. The "absurdity" that many older people feel is the same one that many embittered, lost, and mutinous young people act on in incidents that get them into trouble, which indeed they often act on *in order* to get into trouble. No matter how high or low we put human nature itself, it has to be in excess of what society expects of it. Yet civic authorities constantly say that the trouble with youthful delinquents is that they don't sufficiently have a sense of "belonging." The only solution, as Goodman sees it, is to appreciate the still unrecognized capacity of human nature that has been proclaimed by all the generous intellectual and social revolutions that have brought us this far in the grand adventure of modernity but which have been frustrated in our day; our conception of human nature must be freed from the merely contingent goals of the society with which we have identified it. Goodman does not mean that human nature is independent of "culture," but that it is always superior to the existing values of society. Only as we are concerned with the demands of our human nature rather than with the loyalties imposed by society can we see what man has a right to expect of his society—and to what extent society frustrates this expectation and so becomes "absurd" in his eyes, unworthy of respect, and therefore a set of laws or conventions to be broken.

IF YOU COMPARE Goodman's deliberately utopian thesis with the two kinds of social criticism that are now in vogue—the merely descriptive

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sociology of a Vance Packard that exploits the present uneasiness of the American middle class and the obstinate "position" taking that one sees in C. Wright Mills's self-consciously defiant "line" in favor of Castro and other unpopular causes—a book like *Growing Up Absurd* seems better than it is, since it is full of the intellectual dignity of the old-fashioned radical independent thinking things out for himself. Goodman is not only an extremely intelligent and acute social observer of troubled young men, delinquents, beatniks, Village apaches; he is also the last person in the world to take existing society as necessary and he is incapable of flattering it. He is free of the superficiality that seems to possess so many social commentators in America just now—writers who are no longer able to see their society from outside, and who, like Max Lerner and how many others, just now talk as if they were osteopaths and America were their patient. It is ridiculous to talk about the waste makers and the Mom complex, the lonely crowd and status symbols, without addressing oneself directly to the historic nature of the profit system, our middle-class culture, and the obvious imbalance between our wealth and the deprivations suffered by most other human beings. Too many Americans now want to remain fully attached to our social system and at the same time to draw the rewards of a little sophisticated (and wholly external) criticism of it.

GOODMAN, by contrast, is a thoroughgoing philosophic and intellectual radical. Not only is he able to see American society in perspective; he frees the reader, page after page, of the intellectual vagueness that comes from so much identification with our present scheme of things; the current alternative, identification with historical "destiny" in the shape of Gomulka or Castro, is equally impossible for him. Goodman thinks for himself; and in upholding the sanctions and demands of a human nature freed from contemporary American fears and shibboleths, he brings home the constant stimulus to independence of thought that lies in psychoanalysis (Goodman is a lay practitioner), which to the extent that it addresses itself to "nature" rather than "society" can help liberate the often anxiously conforming middle-class American from the disapprovals of a society which too often takes slogans for ideas and the national interest for all reality. I would even say that the very traditionlessness of America, which seemed such a blessing to philosophers in the eighteenth century, has under present mass conditions become a sanction of ignorance; we are so little aware that there are different philosophical approaches to reality that we feel compelled to choose only between accepted positions.

Goodman's tradition is that of the literary romantics—the belief in a suppressed capacity in human

nature that unites the romantic poets to the psychology of Freud. His essay is often exhilarating in its independence and is full of penetrating insights into the intense quarrel with society that rumbles under the prosperous surface of our society. But I don't believe in his book as a diagnosis of youth in general. When Goodman talks about youth, he seems to be talking not about the suburban youth whose games he has never seen but about a whole class of consciously alienated young men in the city, Bohemian or excluded for all sorts of social or sexual characteristics, who understandably feel that the existing goals of society are boringly "square." When it comes to less consciously demanding young people, I think it is a fact that much of their pressure on society constitutes the demand of what is virtually a new social class—and when they attack society directly, it is not because they think society "absurd" but because they find its defenses weak.

To be young is often to find oneself in the position of the "barbarian" in the classic sense of the word—the stranger, the man from without, who does not know the ways of the capital but who longs for its prizes. Many different kinds of youthful rebellion and frustration—and above all ambition—enter into the social acts the courts call "delinquency"; it is only the constantly increasing pressure from many new groups that forces us, in order to keep the peace at all, to lump together the very different demands under the name of "delinquency." For myself, I don't believe that these pressures can be equated with "human nature" in general, or that this nature is either infinite in capacity or particularly hard to discover. Every day now new continents, whole populations, enter actively into society demanding their share of life. Today youth definitely constitutes a social class, a pressure group. As soon as this group ceases to be wholly "barbarian" and alienated, comes into society and takes the measure of those presently in control, it takes over many of the same values it protested before. I have seen no evidence, as Goodman would suggest, that it is hatred of war and concern over the possible horrors of nuclear warfare that makes young people everywhere feel that our society is "absurd." Often enough they seem to accept war as the normal setup, no longer distinguishing between it and the scientific technology they admire. But war itself may become another, part of the dismal routine of predictable social acts, and then the innumerable acts of gratuitous private violence come to symbolize only the self-indulgence, not the idealism, of people who are all too aware of how society can serve their wants—they never think, as Goodman does, of man *creating* society, of man the architect and utopian builder of his world.

"It is hard," Goodman complains, "to grow up in a society in which one's important problems are treated as nonexistent. It is impossible to belong to it, it is hard to fight to change it. The effect must be rather to feel disaffected, and all the more restive if one is smothered by well-meaning social workers and PAL's who don't seem to understand the real irk. The boys cannot articulate the real irk themselves." Well, what

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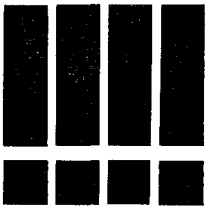

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is this "real irk"? In individual boys it is often a sexual and psychological problem in relation to the family rather than a conscious demand on society for a more meaningful vocation. I would guess that much of the "irk" that Goodman is concerned with in this book relates to the longings of unconventional sex; he quite airily overlooks the hideous satisfactions that very many people now find in made-up jobs, irrelevant research, the dissemination of mass culture, and thousands of other activities that represent very real employment to those who find an added purpose in life in setting their teeth against the new people making their way up from below.

ALTHOUGH Goodman ends his book with a list of the many modern revolutions whose frustration, he thinks, explains the impasse of youth today, it is noteworthy that he speaks always of "fellows," "lads," "boys," "kids," and never of the actual social, economic, and racial categories among youth who are in rivalry with the established order and who are now making their way up. His analysis virtually overlooks the disaffections of young girls, who he thinks always have a vocation anyway as mothers and housekeepers. This completely ignores the frustration, which we *can* study just now in America, of the many young women who have been educated for something better than being cooks and bottle washers. The revolutions going on today are always in behalf of races, groups, and classes seeking their share. It is only *when* they achieve their social goal, as so many middle-class Americans have achieved theirs, that the "rat race" and the "organized system" become problems—to people who have achieved all that they expect of life and have nowhere else to go. Goodman's analysis is most valuable, I think, as an articulation of what those who are actively independent of society really want for themselves. The acuteness of many of his observations articulates the radical energy and spiritual freedom of the kind of intellectual who is fast disappearing in favor of the organization-man-turned-critic-of-himself and the nostalgic radical who has become desperate for a "position."

Rara Avis

JEAN STAFFORD

A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, by Isabella L. Bird, with an introduction by Daniel J. Boorstin. *University of Oklahoma Press. $2.*

Isabella Bird, born in 1831 to a clerical family in Yorkshire, suffered throughout her seventy-three years from a spinal disorder that often obliged her to lie abed until noon and sometimes prostrated her altogether. But this did not prevent her from becoming one of the most remarkable peripatetics of her time. Usually she traveled alone and usually to the most obscure and savage and inhospitable wildernesses she could think of. In Tibet, when she was fifty-eight years old, she slept in a tent and rode a yak when the going was rough; she was annoyed but unalarmed by Kurdish brigands in Persia; she saw parts of Korea where no European had ever been before; she lived for a time among the bear-worshiping aboriginal Japanese, the Ainus, sleeping in the chief's hut; she rode for eight weeks from Marrakech to Tangier during a monstrous inundation of locusts. She founded two hospitals in India; she made kilts for Hebrides crofters who were emigrating to Canada; she studied botany and histology, translated Greek and Syriac hymns, took up nursing, took up photography, painted water colors, lectured. She was the first woman ever to be made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; she was the first woman to climb Long's Peak, the "American Matterhorn" in Colorado.

When she was fifty, she found time to marry Dr. John Bishop, who was her junior by ten years. Until her pace killed him five years later, she confined her ceaseless perambulations to Europe and the British Isles. But directly he was gathered to Abraham's bosom she was off again, and in her middle sixties she spent fifteen months in the Far East, covering eight thousand miles in China alone. She exposed herself to most infamous weathers—she was drenched, baked, boiled, frozen ("To confess," she writes of a trip she made alone to the Continental Di-

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vide, "I was cold, for my boots and stockings had frozen on my feet, and I was hungry, too, having eaten nothing but raisins for fourteen hours"); she ate appalling food, slept in verminous beds, cared for victims of cholera, set broken bones, rode herd on cattle, taught young ladies French and the use of the sewing machine. She was a small woman and fragile, soft-spoken and pretty: the species, to which Florence Nightingale belonged, is all but extinct.

One of Miss Bird's eleven travel books, with the winsome title *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, published first in 1879, has recently been reissued by the University of Oklahoma Press as part of its excellent series the Western Frontier Library. *A Lady's Life* is written in the form of letters to her sister Henrietta, and it records her third visit to America, when she was forty-two. She came to San Francisco by way of the Hawaiian Islands, which she had intently explored, and made her way from there to Colorado, where she stayed for several autumn and winter months, observing the people with scrupulous impartiality and the landscape with love. At times, in Estes Park, it was necessary to keep her ink on the stove lest it freeze. For one month, after nearly everyone else had left the park for the slightly more clement prairies, Miss Bird shared a cabin with two young men; the arrangement, at first embarrassing to Mr. Buchan and Mr. Kavan, was felicitous and secure, for, as she had found early on, "Womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West." When she was not knitting or dusting the parlor with a buffalo tail or making roly-poly pudding, she was riding through the canyons and forests, rejoicing in the air and in the overwhelming upland scenery. Often her companion on her rides was a desperado, Mountain Jim Nugent, villainous in his cups but the soul of chivalry to ladies. He trapped bear, beaver, and lynx; and now and again, with money from his hides, he went off to Denver to drink whiskey and terrorize the citizenry with his pistols and came back to the mountains to rage with remorse.

It was Mountain Jim who acted as her guide when she climbed Long's Peak, a grim and imposing mountain of 14,255 feet. The actual ascent of the peak, after they had left their horses, was painful and perilous. Footholds and handholds were meager, rocks were loose, ice frequently forced the party to detour; they were tormented by thirst and giddiness, the altitude oppressed their breathing. At times, Mountain Jim pulled Miss Bird up by her arms, sometimes he hauled her with his lariat; she was bruised from countless falls and ruefully observed to her sister, "You know I have no head and no ankles, and never ought to dream of mountaineering." But she persevered and gained the summit. "It was something at last to stand upon the stormrent crown of this lonely sentinel of the Rocky Range, on one of the mightiest of the vertebrae of the backbone of the North American continent, and to see the waters start for both oceans."

Isabella Bird had a faithful eye for shape and color, and I know of no other writer who has so well captured the looks and the personality of unchanging mountains. She writes magnificently of magnificent skies and royally of royal storms. The book is more, though, than a gentlewoman's catalogue of natural phenomena. It is a report on the restless, changing, kaleidoscopic West when "the scum of advancing civilization" brawled and murdered and lynched, when Indians were still settling their score for the depletion of the buffalo, when Denver was full of fur stores and its streets were thronged with a cast of "hunters and trappers in buckskin clothing; men of the Plains with belts and revolvers, in great blue cloaks, relics of the war; teamsters in leather suits; horsemen in fur coats and caps and buffalo-hide boots with the hair outside. . . . Broadway dandies in light kid gloves; rich English sporting tourists, clean, comely and supercilious-looking; and hundreds of Indians on their small ponies, the men wearing buckskin suits sewn with beads, and red blankets, with faces painted vermilion, and hair hanging lank and straight, and squaws much bundled up, riding astride with furs over their saddles."

Wherever she was, Isabella Bird

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 22

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
52 88 42 208 140 16
Fish of the order Plectognathi.

B
138 166 62 50 78 122
The highest or most distant point.

C
136 168 6 190 82 64 92
"But men must know, that in this _____ of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on." Bacon, Advancement of Learning.

D
24 114 194 44 206 220 100 148 36
A famous man is _____,/The English ballad-singer's joy. (5, 4) Wordsworth, Rob Roy's Grave.

E
30 56 124 172 14 Simpleton.

F
104 152 222 94 32 184 132 4 116
French breakfast roll.

G
204 18 74 112 202 212 186
A cutting off or suppression.

H
178 20 126 180 76 2
One who plunders.

I
48 98 28 10 198 182 54 170 162 134
144 176
With Word N, entity in continent of Acrostician (5,2,5,6)

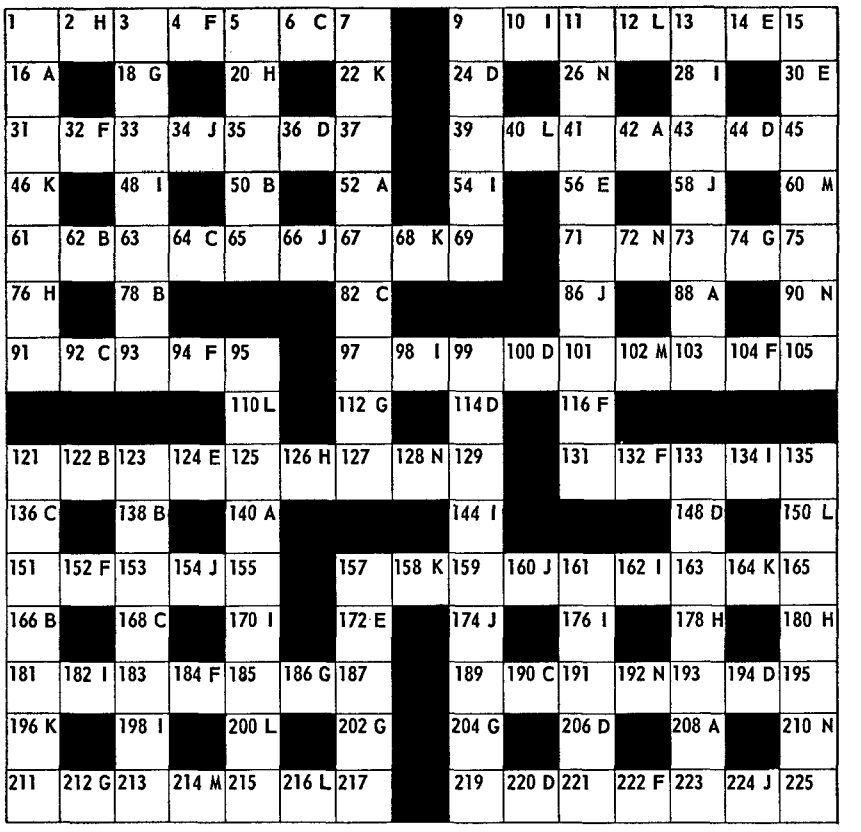
J
160 34 224 86 66 154 174 58
Unbecomingly bold or saucy.

K
68 46 158 22 196 164
Take off a drum, or in figurative use, to tell a long story.

L
216 12 40 110 200 150
One of two equal parts.

M
214 60 102 A gathering of people.

N
26 210 192 128 90 72 See Word I.



ACROSS

1. A soft dancer would never have walked so.
9. Allies make short and small company.
31. Slid short answer in for Sark, Tasmania, and Bermuda.
39. Does this make the atmosphere brighter? No; lighter.
61. To quit? Fall out Troop D.(2,4,3)
71. Oliver's mentor could gain forcefully.
91. Stores include varnish-making material.
97. Once nine hundred were in this state.
121. A Commie (sic) may be only partly funny.
131. This diocese can still arm us
151. They're found in better nests naturally.
157. Savages make them traditionally, but they're not edible in military bands.
181. A welfare state problem which shows the hog in us.
189. When rain comes first, close the sash. That's capital.
211. Can you prove it? This is my answer and my T-bone too. (3,2,2)
219. Get out! You with the sly hoof! (4,3)

DOWN

1. Reprint or the man who does it.
3. The sea rises about dull care and points to it.
5. Land of the Acrostician.
7. Practice sometimes benevolent, finding a spot in Deism.
9. Skill needed to upset a car over a short distance.
11. Had crafts, but they don't go with easy lies. (4,5)
13. Touring may be a mob weapon. (4,3)
15. You may command no noise with a license.
95. Insect? Yes, it may be an essential thing.
99. Corn tunes and evening ones too.
121. The pens to hold the first Christian martyr.
123. Is a beatnik suggesting the chase or a hue and cry? (3,4)
133. Does a drum signal to begin playing make the musicians fall out of bed? (4,3)
135. If my sty is mixed up, it will puzzle you.
157. Venetian noble I learn has a western calf.
161. Short horned animal I horn.

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Finished *Enjoy, Enjoy!* ?

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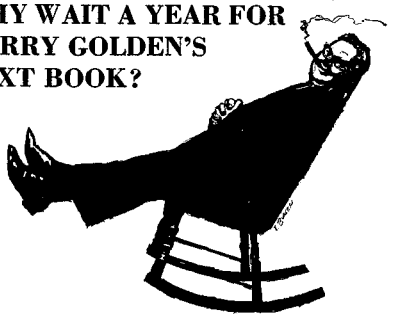

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I	N	D	I	A	N	A	■	P	E	R	U	G	I	A
R	■	E	■	D	■	L	■	R	■	A	■	A	■	S
K	I	S	S	■	A	S	P	I	C	■	O	R	D	E
■	■	■	L	■	L	■	L	■	Q	■	R	■	■	■
P	A	N	A	M	A	■	U	■	R	I	D	G	E	S
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was fascinated by paradoxes and bizarre juxtapositions. Daniel J. Boorstin, in his introduction to this book, concludes, "Her Rocky Mountain adventure symbolized that improbable combination of opposites which was the American West, and which was perhaps the most American aspect of that West."

I like to think of this tough, civilized, demure woman knitting a "shell-pattern quilt" as she lived for a few weeks with a coarse, moral, unfriendly family; at this place, rattlesnakes abounded and she was troubled at night by the sound of wolves and the entrance into her cabin, on one occasion, of a skunk.

This Side of Innisfree

FRANK O'CONNOR

THE SENATE SPEECHES OF W. B. YEATS. Edited by Donald R. Pearce. *Indiana University Press. $4.50.*

Mr. Pearce's edition of the speeches delivered by W. B. Yeats in the Irish Senate is a little book that will be valuable to future biographers of Yeats. His introduction is a distinguished essay in its own right, though I suspect his scholarly colleagues will give him a piece of their mind about such statements as "It is necessary to go back three hundred years, to Milton himself, for a like instance of a great imaginative man comparably involved in the political affairs of his country." I should have said that Swift was considerably more involved in political affairs, and Goethe, if I remember rightly, was no Lilliputian.

The book is exclusively concerned with the period between 1922 and 1928, when a post-revolutionary government, engaged in fighting a civil war, needed solid businessmen and well-known writers to lend a conservative air to their own rather shaky authority. Though he had written earlier that "We have no gift to set a statesman right," Yeats reveled in the part of a political counselor and was greatly flattered when the minister for justice, Kevin O'Higgins, sought his help and advice during the Army mutiny. At the same time Yeats was not at his best when he played the conservative. As a young man he had been for a while a member of a secret society known as the Irish Republican Brotherhood and had tried to induce them to steal the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey and bring it to Ireland where it belonged. Nothing came of this because the Irish Republican Brotherhood was too busy sentencing its own members to death, with no intention of executing them but as a form of vituperation. Later the Scottish Nationalists stole the Coronation Stone, and meekly surrendered it again with no visible gain to their cause.

AFTER the treaty with Britain, Yeats was nominated to the senate. His most important achievement was in securing for Ireland a really beautiful coinage. He was also responsible for the establishment of a subcommittee to arrange for the publication of still unpublished Gaelic manuscripts, though the lower house paid no attention to his proposals, and these have since been implemented by other organizations. He took a very sensible line regarding the revival of the Irish language, and opposed proposals for having railway tickets, signs, and notices printed in Irish, which he believed led to "a form of insincerity that is injurious to the general intellect and thought of this country." At the same time he favored the revival of Irish, and reminded the senate of a fact that his critics and biographers would do well to meditate upon. "The greater portion of my own writings have been founded upon the old literature of Ireland. I have had to read it in translations, but it has been the chief illumination of my imagination all my life." This was true, as I know, because he often astonished me by quoting from poems and sagas that would not have been recognized by more than a few dozen people in the whole country.

But his most famous outburst was his attack on the divorce bill, which prohibited divorce in Ireland. Here, he felt, he was dealing with a major issue and spoke with passion for the Protestant minority of his

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countrymen. "I think it is tragic that within three years of this country gaining its independence we should be discussing a measure which a minority of this nation considers to be grossly oppressive. I am proud to consider myself a typical man of that minority. We against whom you have done this thing are no petty people. We are one of the great stocks of Europe." And yet I thought—and think—that speech a bad one because it opposed one sectarianism to another instead of defending freedom of conscience as a general principle that demanded the approval of educated Catholics as much as of Protestants.

But when Yeats's blood was up he was capable of any extravagance, and rumor had it that only strong family pressure dissuaded him from appearing before a Committee on Evil Literature and asking, "Why do you deprive me of the right to go out on Sunday mornings and buy the *News of the World*, and read the last words of a condemned murderer, when I can buy the *Observer* and read the last words—alas, *not* the last words of Mr. St. John Ervine?" Within five years of his retirement from the senate he was up to his neck in fascist politics and exasperating moderate socialists like myself by receiving us in a beautiful blue shirt. One of our numerous rows blew up when he wanted to produce *Coriolanus* in the Abbey Theatre with the actors all in colored shirts, though like most of our rows it didn't last, because he was much too generous and joyous a character to quarrel with over abstract issues. Anyway, his fascism soon led him into serious difficulties. But it wasn't very long before Yeats wrote in penitent mood, "I am convinced that if the Spanish War goes on, or if it ceases and O'Duffy's volunteers return heroes, my 'pagan' institutions, the Theatre, the Academy, will be fighting for their lives against combined Catholic and Gaelic bigotry."

"WILLY is so silly!" his sweetheart used to moan. It didn't make her love him, but I sometimes think it made me love him. However, those who like their poets grave will find a different Yeats in Mr. Pearce's admirable little book.

What If the Truth Is Sad?

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE MARQUISE OF O— AND OTHER STORIES, by Heinrich von Kleist. Translated and with an introduction by Martin Greenberg. Preface by Thomas Mann. *Criterion*. $5.

Kleist killed himself in 1811, at the age of thirty-four. He was a poet—Thomas Mann calls him "one of the greatest, boldest and most ambitious poets Germany has produced"—a playwright, and the author of these short stories. His lonely life briefly interrupted a family tradition of service to the Prussian state. Before and after him, von Kleists died young as lieutenants, died older as retired colonels; when fortune endowed them with both longevity and persistence, they died as generals; only the complete failures among them died as postmasters and such. It must be admitted that there did exist a seventeenth-century von Kleist poet, but since his verse has not survived, it is possible to think that he interrupted nothing even in his day, contenting himself with rhymed celebration of family victories on the battlefield. Our Kleist, however, celebrated only his progress from anxiety to despair, and the family must have loathed him. Even the open-minded Goethe could not stomach his sick mind.

At fifteen, he was placed in a regiment of guards stationed at Potsdam. While still an ensign, he served with the Army of the Rhine. The "sick" mind was already at work: "May God give us peace," he wrote, "to enable us to make up, by more humane deeds, for the time we kill here so unethically." At twenty-one he obtained his release, entered the university at Frankfurt, and, for a time, studied the sciences, mathematics, and philosophy. Soon he began to write. One has to say "write," for there is the huge, never finished poetic drama, *Robert Guiscard, Duke of Normandy*, which Thomas Mann informs us is magnificent, and there are other plays, and there are these short stories which, we can see

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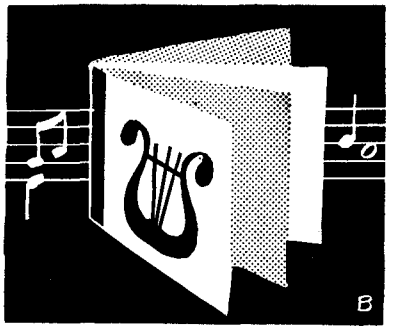
for ourselves, are remarkable. Thus one has to say that he began to write (brilliantly) but also that the writing was consequent upon something else; that his spasmodic, feverish creativity was only the expression, through the means his talent provided, of an equally fevered but unremitting personal and nonliterary attempt to discover whether or not his premonition that there could be no justice in this world was valid. The question he put to himself, to his sick mind—he knew it was sick—is the most terrifying a man is forced to answer: what if my mind is sick because the truth is sad?

The horse dealer in "Michael Kohlhaas," a good and righteous man, has a just grievance against a petty baron. He brings suit. Little by little he finds himself facing the entire structure of constituted society: dukes, princes, the elector himself—even Martin Luther is without power to help him. The good horse dealer raises an armed band, ravages towns and countryside, kills, and finally wins his case. Thus justice is served. Then he is executed. Thus too justice is served. Indivisible justice is divided. In "The Engagement in Santo Domingo," during the massacre of the French settlers, there is no question of interest to tip the scales of justice. Misunderstanding suffices. The lover kills the girl who has saved his life. In "The Duel," in which a knight defends a lady's honor, even the justice of God is made uncertainly dependent on Kleist's uncharacteristic generosity. It is he, rather than God or the tenor of the story, who provides a tricky and happy outcome.

It is of course Kleist's extraordinary seriousness—he killed himself to prove it—that makes these stories rise high above the anecdote. He tells them with no comment. At first they appear romantic, complicated, and not wholly plausible. There are ghosts, foundlings, magic, and coincidence, together with exotic settings of Italy and South America and, for the reader of today, of legendary German principalities and courts. But they are tales of anxiety, imbued with the despairing awareness and profound distress of a man who measured life against the memory of a lost paradise.



RECORD NOTES

As the release schedules of jazz and folk labels increasingly resemble metropolitan traffic, I'm inclined to believe that reviewing records and listening to music for pleasure are antithetical activities. There have, however, been a few albums during the past year to which I return voluntarily. I list them not necessarily as the most "significant" sets of 1960, but simply as performances that should provide lasting enjoyment.

One unusually variegated orchestral jazz album is *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480, stereo CS 8271), a collaboration between arranger Gil Evans and trumpeter Miles Davis. Davis's style is sparse, brooding, and melodically adventurous. Largely because of Davis, the unlikely blending of Spanish folk elements with jazz does succeed—particularly in the flamenco sections—in proving that jazz can absorb other musical traditions. Mr. Davis is now contemplating the sinuous rhythms of North Africa as a future mating possibility.

Johnny Hodges' alto saxophone has remained serenely unaffected by the rapidly changing jazz developments of the past quarter century. His tone is still liquid and soothing; he phrases with gliding poise; and he gathers his thoughts with unhurried taste, logic, and lyricism. Two exemplary collections of Hodges within the past year have been *Side by Side* (Verve 8345, stereo 6109) and *Blues A-Plenty* (Verve 8538, stereo 68358). In the former, Hodges gently prods his employer, Duke Ellington, into playing more solo piano than is his custom, proving once again how greatly underappreciated a pianist Ellington is. In the latter set, Hodges is joined by such sturdily individualistic jazz elders as Roy Eldridge, Ben

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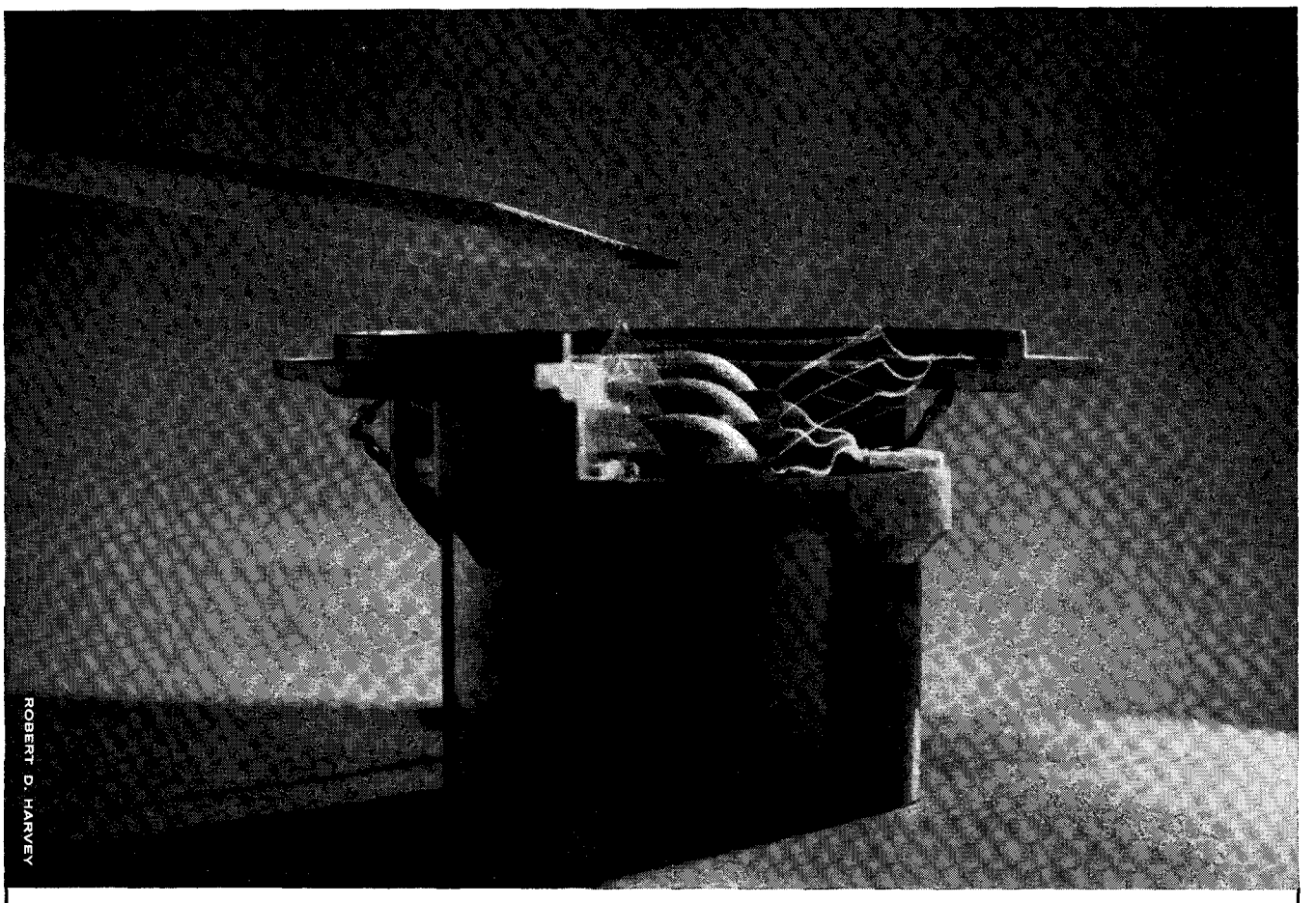
Webster, and Vic Dickenson, who remind the still predominantly callow jazz audience that a jazzman does not automatically cease being "hip" at thirty-five. Although I'm sympathetic to much of the jagged experimentation prevalent among the jazz young, I find the mature mellowness of the playing in the Hodges programs (and in a similar conference of the resilient, middle-aged Buddy Tate's *Tate's Date,* Prestige 2003) agreeably restorative at the end of a long, turbulent jazz year.

IN THE FOLK FIELD, although I usually prefer the raw authority of what are known in the trade as ethnic recordings (and again I counsel your examining the astonishing catalogue of Folkways Records, 117 West Forty-sixth Street, New York), I was enthralled this year by a new professional artist, Joan Baez (*Joan Baez,* Vanguard VRS 9078, stereo VSD 2077). A slim, alarmingly self-possessed twenty-year-old from Boston, Miss Baez is, I expect, the first major stylist of her genre since the more scholarly Richard Dyer-Bennet. Her soprano voice is unusually pure and yet connotes undertows of passion. Her urgent vibrato intensifies her narrative power, and she is also capable (though not yet on records) of dartingly acid parody.

I have also been much charmed by a more recent release: *A Musical Panorama of Shakespeare's England,* Alfred Deller and the Deller Consort (Vanguard/Bach Guild, $4.98). This is a resourceful and refreshing marshaling of the subtle skills of the celebrated countertenor and his consort with lute, viols, harpsichord, and recorders. The proud variety of Elizabethan music sketched here ranges through the brash demands of soldiers returning from the Flemish wars, a clown's song from a Shakespeare comedy, a part song based on London street cries, the "sweet polyphonic flow" of madrigals, dances, "music for chest of viols," tavern tunes, a celebration of Agincourt, narrative ballads, religious music, and a setting of "Greensleeves" as a New Year's carol: *"Now, like the snake, your skin cast off, of evil thoughts and sin, and so the year begin: God send us a happy New Year!"* —NAT HENTOFF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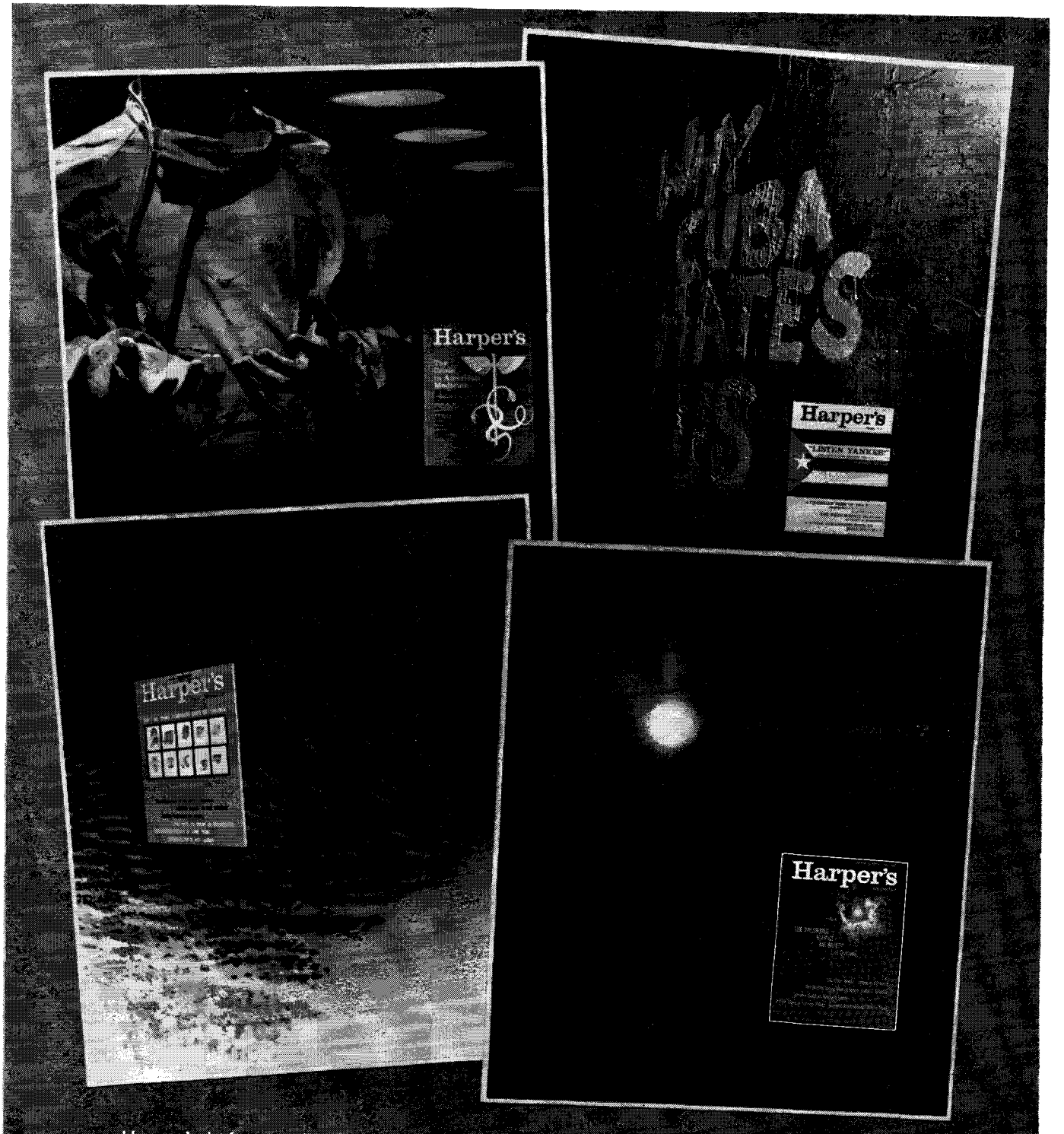

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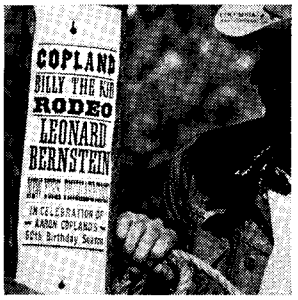

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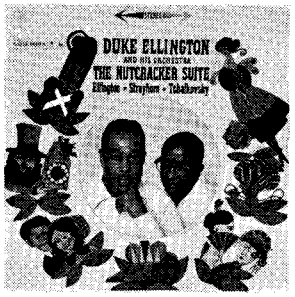

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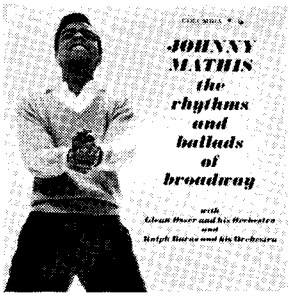

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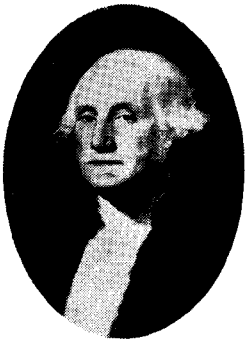

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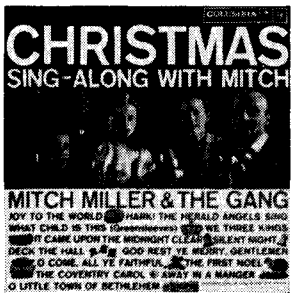

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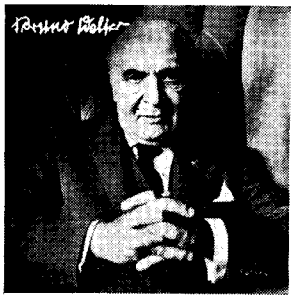

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BRUNO WALTER, custodian of the true Brahms tradition, shepherds his four symphonies into the age of stereo with a handsomely boxed set of ennobling performances. Accompanying the records is a twelve-page retrospective picture-biography, lovingly authored by his daughter.

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A happy added note: There are other sounds of "Camelot" too. Conductor-arranger PERCY FAITH concocts an elegant instrumental version of the score. Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his trio frolic through a witty jazz impression.

CAMELOT/ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING/KOL 5620/KOS 2031*

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THE HOLLY AND THE IVY/CHRISTMAS CAROLS BY THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR/ML 5592/MS 6192*

yours on COLUMBIA® RECORDS and a merry Christmas to you all!

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Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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